

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO 26

TWO SUDDEN DEATHS AT LAKE VILLA

First Death Caused by Accident and the Second by Natural Cause

TWO INQUESTS ARE HELD

Workman Crushed Under a Freight Car — Other Man Dies Suddenly

Two sudden deaths, one the result of an accident and the other from natural causes last Saturday furnished the residents of Lake Villa with the most excitement they have had in years.

The victims are: John Sable 40 years old, crushed to death under a freight car while repairing a draw bar. Ben Hutchinson, 70 years old, dropped dead from heart disease while riding in a caboose of the freight train.

Sable held the position of railroad carpenter with the Soo railroad. Saturday afternoon he was sent from the company's repair shops at Kolze near Chicago, to repair a broken draw bar on a car at Lake Villa. The car had been placed on a siding.

The evidence showed that Sable had not taken the usual precautions of putting out flags on either end of the string of cars to prevent any more cars from being backed onto the siding. Then he crawled under the broken car and began to make repairs.

A little while later a freight train came along. The car under which Sable was working was pushed along before he could learn of his danger. His head was badly mashed, but the wheels did not pass over his body. When other railroad employees learned of the accident, they hurriedly pulled out Sable's body but it was seen that he was dead.

Coroner Taylor presided at the inquest at which a verdict of accidental death with the railroad company exonerated from blame, was returned. He leaves a family in the old country.

Hutchinson's home was in the potato country in Wisconsin. He was making the trip with several carloads of potatoes. His job was to keep a fire burning in the cars in order that the potatoes would not freeze. He rode in the caboose but at every stop he would get out and replenish the fires in the stoves.

About one o'clock Saturday morning he awoke and sitting up in bed called out to the other occupants of the caboose that it was time for them to get up. He passed some other joking remarks and then suddenly dropped back in his berth.

This happened just north of Lake Villa. As soon as the train reached Lake Villa a physician was summoned but he found that the aged man was dead. Coroner Taylor presided at the inquest at which a verdict of death from heart disease was returned.

Will Hold Benefit Dance

Both old and young will dance and eat at Round Lake on the evening of St. Patrick's day, March 17—and the money realized from the celebration is to be used for the building of improved highway in the neighborhood of Round Lake. George Renahan of Round Lake who was mentioned for the position of State Highway Superintendent, is in charge of the arrangements for the affair and has been able to have everything for the two dances and the supper which will feature the evening, donated with the exception of the two orchestras which will furnish the music for the Old Folks dance and the Young Folks dance.

The Old Folks dance is to be held in the opera house—and there the square dances, quadrilles and the old time waltz will hold sway. In Amann's hall the young folks will congregate—and there the tango and the two step will be the vogue. An orchestra will lure to the dance in each hall. A chicken pie supper is to be served in the parlor of the opera house by the ladies of the M. W. A. All of the money is to be used for building good roads during the coming summer.

Daily Thought.
Friendship is the nearest thing we know to religion—Ruskin.

WILL GARLAND DROPS DEAD FROM HEART FAILURE

Sunday afternoon of this week another sudden and unexpected death was recorded in this vicinity, when William Garland of Salem, Wis., without warning fell from his chair to the floor, expiring immediately an attack of heart trouble being the cause. Mr. Garland had risen in the morning in his usual health and gone about his duties the same as ever, even seeing a man in regard to renting a farm and closing a deal for the same, agreeing to take immediate possession. Shortly before his death he sat down and began reading a book and was thus engaged when the sudden end came.

William Thomas Garland was the son of Frank and Carrie Garland and was born in the year 1876, his entire life with the exception of the past three years spent at Rienbeck, Iowa, from which place he returned last December, has been spent in the vicinity of Salem. In 1900 he was married to Miss Isabel Burdick of Bristol, Wis., and to them were born six children, Eva, Charles, Clarence, Ralph and Ruth.

Besides his wife and children he is survived by his father and one brother, George of Antioch and three sisters, Mrs. Mabel Turnock of Salem, Mrs. Erma Saul and Louella Clausen both of Rienbeck, Iowa.

The family have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Volunteer Fire Department

An agitation was started some time ago in regard to Antioch having a regularly organized volunteer fire department and now so far has the matter advanced that it can be definitely stated that we are to have an organization of this kind.

The first meeting was held last Thursday evening and at that time plans were discussed, and another meeting was held Wednesday evening of this week at which time officers were elected and eleven of the necessary thirty volunteers were secured.

This department is organized under the law of the State's Fireman's Association, and will consist of three companies as follows: Hose cart, No. 1, hose cart, No. 2, hook and ladder No. 3.

The officers and volunteers so far are as follows:

H. Billett, Fire marshal; Wm. Volkman, Ass't fire marshal; Geo. F. Conrad, Battalion chief; Ernest Horton, Treasurer; R. S. Thompson, Secretary. Members—Frank Palmer, Herman Wienke, Wm. Dupre, Art Rosenfeldt, W. R. Williams, John Horan, F. S. Morrell, P. Hawkins, Earl Horton, Wm. Van Patten, Wm. Davis.

Dies by Her Own Hand

Friday morning a message was received here by the relatives of Ira W. Boylan, formerly of this place but now of Chicago, bearing the sad news of the sudden death of his wife, but it was not until later in the day when the afternoon papers were received that it became known that she had taken her own life.

A frail little person whose cross it was to bear the burden of ill health she had been unable to stand the trial and had often of late given up to numerous spells of melancholia and it was when her mind was unbalanced by an attack of that kind that she committed the deed.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "The deceased having taken her own life by shooting while not knowing what she was doing."

The funeral services were held Sunday from Boydston undertaking chapel, 42d place and Cottage Grove avenue, to St. Ambrose church, 47th and Ellis avenue at 12:30 p. m., Sunday, thence by autos to Mt. Olivet.

The deceased was quite well known here by reason of her many visits to her husband's relatives in and around Antioch.

Henry Held Dies Suddenly

Word reached here Sunday morning of the sudden death of Mr. Henry Held at his home in Chicago, who formerly resided on a farm southeast of this village. Previous to his coming here he had been a resident of the city of Chicago for many years, but after purchasing a small farm in this vicinity he made his home here for two or three years. During his stay here he made many friends among our people, who regret to hear of his demise. The funeral services were held at the home at 4117 W. 25th Place Wednesday at one o'clock with interment at the Oak Ridge cemetery.

Art That is Seldom Practiced.

Some people can talk fluently and think well at the same time, but even they seldom do so.

LORD-REED CASE IS SETTLED

Sensational Alienation Suit Terminates Suddenly in the Circuit Court

MRS. LORD ACCEPTS \$2,000

Miss Reed Arrives From New York and Agrees to Settle Case Through Attorney Out of Court

The sensational \$15,000 alienation suit of Mrs. William F. Lord against Miss Genevieve Reed for stealing the affections of the former traffic manager of the Wisconsin Central Railroad company came to a sudden termination on Wednesday afternoon when Circuit court convened and announcement was made that Messrs. Beaubien and Pope, for Miss Reed and Mrs. Lord respectively, had made a settlement of the case.

It developed that Miss Reed arrived from New York at noon and at once conferred with Mr. Beaubien with the result that they decided to offer settlement for \$2,000 and thus terminate the case. Mr. Pope was seen and after conferring with Mrs. Lord and her relatives, they accepted the amount and the case thus ends.

The sum will be paid over to Mrs. Lord by Clerk Brockway who has been holding \$3,500, Miss Reed's share from the sale of the Antioch farm which Lord decided to her. Miss Reed will take the balance.

The evidence proved sensational and dramatic.

Mrs. Black, Lord's daughter, proved the star witness, she is a born actress and on the stand threw much expression into her testimony, making her points in a manner that held the jury spellbound, she vividly told how when she found what was going on between her father and Miss Reed, that she went to the young woman and asked her to realize how she was breaking up a good family, spoiling the life of a good wife by stealing the affections of her husband; she said that Miss Reed admitted it, but said she would not ask forgiveness and later declared it was a good thing that Lord had died because it ended what might have proved a very serious situation.

\$50,000 Damage Suit Filed

The promised damage suits against the Waukegan city officials who stopped the production of The Traffic in the Majestic Opera house, Waukegan Monday evening of last week, were filed Monday afternoon in the Federal court Chicago and Col. Thompson of the Majestic and Oliver Bailey, one of the authors of the play, feel that about \$50,000 will satisfy their feelings in the matter.

In other words, each of these parties filed a \$25,000 damage suit against Mayor Bidingen, Commissioner Orvis, Diver and Dietmeyer.

Subscribers Must Take Stocks

People of Lake county who subscribed for stock for the Waukegan, Rockford and Elgin-Traction company, the Waukegan railroad, must pay for their stock according to a ruling of Judge Whitney in circuit court, Monday afternoon. In the case of the railroad against Byron Carpenter of Waukegan for \$800 which stock for the new road, the judge instructed the jury after hearing the evidence, to bring in a verdict for the railroad company and the jury of course did so.

Primary Election—Village of Antioch

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday the 10th of March A. D., 1914, at the Village Hall in said Village of Antioch a Primary Election will be held for the nomination of candidates for the following offices, to-wit:

Village Clerk.
Three Trustees.
One Treasurer.
One Police Magistrate.

The polls of said election will be open from six o'clock in the forenoon and continue open until five o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated at the village of Antioch this 24th day of February A. D. 1914.

L. M. Hughes,
Village Clerk.

FOURTH CLASS POSTMASTERS WILL TAKE EXAMINATION APRIL 18

Every fourth class postmaster in Lake county who wishes to hold his job has got to fight for it on April 18, next.

And as there are from fifteen to eighteen such postmasters and as there are many more times that number of men who would be willing to burden themselves with the jobs which pay anywhere from \$700 to \$900 a year, it looks as if there will be some scramble for the bunch of jobs.

This applies to all offices in the county with the exception of Waukegan, Highland Park, Lake Forest, North Chicago, Grayslake, Aera, Libertyville and Antioch.

Most of the fourth class postmasters of Lake county felt that they were cinched in their jobs as a result of the new civil service rules adopted during the Taft administration which automatically placed all fourth class officers under civil service. The Wilson administration, however, made one change—it held that while the civil service rules prevailed that to be recognized as a civil service employee, every fourth class office must take the examination and stand highest if he wishes to retain the office. In short the new administration held the fourth class offices under civil service but did not hold the fourth class postmasters under it until they have established their right to it.

Thus on the 18th of April, any man who wishes to become postmaster of his respective community, has a right to go and take the examination, competing with the postmaster now holding office—and the highest man wins out.

Works While Having Smallpox

George White, a laborer, was discovered wandering about the city hall Chicago, Friday, Feb. 27, suffering from smallpox.

White came from Loon Lake, where he had been working with an ice crew, several days ago and went to the county hospital. His illness was diagnosed as chicken pox and he was discharged from the hospital.

His illness, however, continued and he went to the Desplaines street station Friday and was directed to the health department. He is now at the isolation hospital.

The foregoing article was clipped from a Chicago paper, and it also appeared in the Waukegan Sun. The man mentioned was beyond all doubt one of the large army termed "hobos" who each year come to work on the ice. This being the case he naturally associated with none out of his class and no fear is felt for a spread disease in the locality.

\$10,000 Loss by Fire

Routed out of bed at three o'clock Saturday morning during the intense cold, the J. E. Sexsmith family, living on a farm two miles east of here on the Hickory road, stood by and saw their beautiful home destroyed by fire of unknown origin.

The house, a bungalow of about 10 rooms, modernly finished, and erected two years ago, was one of the prettiest on the road.

The family were aroused by light and smoke to find that the flames had gained so much headway that there was no possible hope of saving anything in the house and in fact they had barely time to escape in their night clothes.

The place with its furnishings was valued at \$10,000 and was covered by an insurance of \$5,000. This is the second time the Sexsmith family have been rendered homeless by fire. The first occasion being about two years ago.

More Boys For Allendale

Thirty-five more boys will be admitted to Allendale farm, Lake Villa this summer if plans discussed by directors of the Allendale association at a luncheon in the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, Friday, materialize.

Managing Director E. L. Bradley reported that two new cottages have been completed and are ready for occupation. He reported that the farm now has housing facilities for thirty-five more boys.

President George Higginson proposed to admit that number of boys at once, but it was decided to wait until more funds for their support have been raised.

The Awakening

Some men who boast that "they are their own bosses" find, after marriage, that they haven't a clear title.

Obedience

Every teacher should accentuate the truth, every parent ought to teach, that a child's whole duty is summed up in the single word, obedience.

MILK DEALERS MEETING

John Caldwell Given Honors by Milk Producers Association at Meeting

GOOD PRICES THIS SUMMER

Schedule of Prices is Arranged for the Coming Six Months—Will Get on an Average of Over \$1.50

At the meeting of the Milk Producers association of the state held in Chicago on Monday afternoon John L. Caldwell of Waukegan was given a high honor in being elected as one of the members of the Milk Committee of the association—the most important committee of the organization.

The membership of the committee is as follows: S. L. Lincoln, Harvard; John Read, Lily Lake; W. A. Goodwin, Crystal Lake; F. Bernard, Itasca and John L. Caldwell, Waukegan.

At the annual meeting of the directors the price to be demanded for summer milk was fixed by the committee at an average of \$1.25 a can delivered, f. o. b., in Chicago and the price per 100 pounds, to be delivered at the factories and bottling plants, at an average of \$1.50 5 6 for the six months.

The price was agreed upon unanimously by the directors on report of the milk committee. The change is an addition of five-sixths of a cent average on milk delivered to the factories and bottling plants. The price compared to last year shows an increase of five cents a hundred for May and September, a decrease of five cents for the month of June.

Detailed figures, showing the price paid in 1913 and the price demanded for 1914 follow

	1913	1914
April.....	\$1.60	\$1.60
May.....	1.40	1.45
June.....	1.30	1.25
July.....	1.50	1.50
August.....	1.60	1.60
September.....	1.60	1.65

Average for 1913—\$1.50.

Average for 1914—\$1.60 5 6.

Prices for eight gallon can delivered in Chicago.

The dairy situation was discussed. It was the consensus of opinion that there will be a scarcity of cows during the summer. It was reported that dairymen had taken to the raising of calves, which will effect the price of milk as well as the quantity.

People's Town Caucus

A caucus of the legal voters of the town of Lake Villa will be held on Saturday, March 21, 1914, at the Village Hall in the Village of Lake Villa between the hours of 1 p. m. and 4 p. m., for the purpose of nominating one candidate for each of the following offices:

One Supervisor.
One Town Clerk.
One Assessor.
One Collector.
One Highway Commissioner for the east district.
One Constable.

Three Town Committeemen for the ensuing year

All voting in said caucus shall be by ballot containing the names of all candidates and the manner of conducting the caucus and all voting therein shall be as near as may be in accordance with the Australian system of voting.

The undersigned chairman and secretary shall act as chairman and secretary of said caucus and shall certify the names of the successful candidates as required by law. No ballot shall be counted unless it shall be endorsed thereon the initials of one of the judges hereinafter named. Each person desiring to become a candidate in said caucus shall give his name to one of the undersigned Town Committee on or before Thursday, March 19th, 1914, and then paying his share of the expenses of said caucus.

Town Committee.
Harry Stratton,
Scott LeVoy,
John Cribb.

Dated Lake Villa, Ill., Feb. 28th, 1914.

WEATHER REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Feb. 1914—Warmest day 45 on the 27th. Coldest day 10 below on the 8. Average temperature 15.38. Rainfall 1.27. Snowfall 8½ inches.

Feb. 1913—Warmest day 58 on the 19. Coldest day 7 on the 5. Average temperature 20.40. Rainfall 1.28 inches. Snowfall 8 in.

Feb. 1912—Warmest day 42 on the 17. Coldest day 24 below on the 3th. Average temperature 15.71. Rainfall 1.90 inch. Snowfall 12½ inches.

Feb. 1911—Warmest day 50 on the 16th. Coldest day 2 below on the 10. Average temperature 28.67. Rainfall 2.88 inches. Snowfall 9 inches.

Feb. 1910—Warmest day 50 on the 15th. Coldest day 10 below on the 23. Average temperature 19.94. Total rainfall .65 inches. Snowfall 4½ inches.

Feb. 1909—Warmest day 52 on the 18th. Coldest day zero on the 1st. Average temperature 29.10. Total rainfall 1.60 inches. Snow 6 inches.

Feb. 1908—Warmest day 47 on the 12th. Coldest day 10 below on the 4th. Average temperature 22.06. Rainfall 2.20 inches. 19 inches snow.

Feb. 1907—Warmest day 52 on the 18. Coldest day 14 below on the 6th. Average temperature 22.61. Total rainfall .30 inches. Snowfall 1 inches.

Feb. 1906—Warmest day 50 on the 12th. Coldest day 9 above on the 7th. Average temperature 22.88. Total rainfall 2.30 inch. Snowfall 3 in.

Feb. 1905—Warmest day 44 on the 22. Coldest day 25 below on the 13. Average temperature 13.64. Total rainfall 1.85 inches. Snowfall 21 inches.

Feb. 1904—Warmest day 44 on the 6th. Coldest day 14 below on the 1st. Average temperature 12.37. Rainfall 1.50 inches. Snowfall 10 inches.

Feb. 1903—Warmest day 47 on the 27. Coldest day 14 below on the 17th. Average temperature 21.11. Rainfall 1 inches. Snowfall 6 inches.

Feb. 1902—Warmest day 48 on the 26. Coldest day 9 below on the 5th. Average temperature 26.85. Total rainfall 1.40 inches.

Voliva Paid Off \$140,000 Bond

Wilbur Glenn Voliva general overseer and successor to Dowie, went to Chicago Thursday. At the offices of Cobe & McKinnon, representing the Assets Realization company, he laid down his personal check for \$140,000, covering the principal and interest of the bond. The canceled bond, with two others of its kind now lie on his desk in the Administration building, and they will be the chief figures in the ceremony of rejoicing and prayer at the tabernacle.

In speaking of his financial success and his ability to combat with all difficulties he said: "I have been the defendant in 212 law suits, a number of them being suits for libel but I have never paid a man one nickel as a result of them. I have passed through some of the most terrible persecutions—I have been compelled to expend nearly \$20,000 for lawyers fees in the past six months, and the county of Lake has spent at least \$300,000 in an effort to put me in jail.

Peoples Town Caucus

A caucus of the legal voters of the town of Antioch will be held on Saturday, March 21, 1914, at the village hall in the village of Antioch between the hours of 1 p. m., and 4 p. m., for the purpose of nominating one candidate for each of the following offices:

One Assessor, one Collector, one Highway Commissioner, one Town Clerk, one Constable, and Three Committeemen for the ensuing year.

All voting in said Caucus shall be by ballot containing the names of all candidates and the manner of conducting the Caucus and all voting therein shall be as near as may be in accordance with the Australian system of voting. The undersigned Chairman and Secretary shall act as chairman and secretary of said Caucus and shall certify the names of the successful candidates as required by law. No ballot shall be counted unless it shall be endorsed thereon the initials of one of the judges hereinafter named. Each person desiring to become a candidate in said Caucus shall give his name to one of the undersigned Town Committee on or before Friday, March 20, 1914, and then pay his share of the expenses of said Caucus.

Town Committee.
Ed Wells,
W. T. Taylor,
B. H. Overton.

Dated Antioch, Illinois, Feb. 24, 1914.

REBEL DEFIES U. S.

BRYAN CONFERS WITH WILSON—
CARRANZA REFUSES TO ACT
IN BENTON CASE.

GREAT BRITAIN MUST ASK

Information Given to State Department at Washington Shows That Briton Was Murdered in Villa's Office—Investigators Halted.

Washington, March 3.—Gen. Venustiano Carranza's defiance to the United States created a new and grave crisis in Mexican affairs here. It brought the president and Secretary Bryan together for another conference on Sunday.

The conference lasted an hour and a half, and then Secretary Bryan held a consultation at the state department with Solicitor Folk, who has charge of the Benton case, and with Beaz Long, chief of the Latin division. From there Secretary Bryan went to the British embassy to furnish the British government, as agreed, with the latest developments.

City of Mexico, March 3.—President Huerta insisted on furnishing a special police guard for the American embassy. He told Charge O'Shaughnessy on Saturday there might be justification for the presence of a guard and as he deplored the bringing of marines to the capital he would provide a sublegation guard.

Nogales, Sonora, March 3.—General Carranza on Saturday declined to furnish information to the state department at Washington regarding the killing at Juarez of William S. Benton, a British subject. At the same time he assured Secretary Bryan that he would investigate the disappearance of Gustav Bauch, an American citizen. The attitude of the revolutionary leader was that the death of Benton should be taken up through the diplomatic channels of his own country, Great Britain, and not by the United States.

Carranza announced his position in two notes addressed in response to Mr. Bryan's requests for information to Consul Frederick Simpson. The notes were delivered by Ysidro Fabella, Carranza's "acting secretary of foreign relations."

In his reference to the Benton case Carranza pointedly remarked that Mr. Bryan's original message, received three days ago, was the first official mention of the tragedy brought to his attention as directing head of the revolution. He did not say that any investigation was being made on his part.

Washington, March 3.—William S. Benton was unarmed and was shot dead in Villa's office with a pistol, says conclusive information that has reached Washington officials.

Juarez, Mex., March 3.—The Benton investigating commission on Sunday was prevented from proceeding to Chihuahua to examine the slain Briton's body by rebel orders. Col. Fidel Ayala, military commander here, declined to permit it to board the regular passenger train which was waiting. An authoritative admission to this effect dispelled reports that the commission was halted on orders from Washington.

BOMB KILLS BETRAYER

Ex-Convict Is Victim, Says Wife, of Three Comrades He Testified Against—Blown Up in His Home.

Sullivan, Ill., March 3.—Frederick W. Mennerich was blown to pieces by a bomb on Sunday in his home. The package was mailed from Decatur Thursday and was delivered Friday morning. Mennerich suspected it was an infernal machine. In 1908 Mennerich was convicted of counterfeiting. He raised one dollar bills to ten dollars. Three other men were implicated in the case. Mennerich was sentenced to Chester penitentiary and served one year. In 1910 he married Dona Nolen, daughter of Edward Nolen of Windsor, Ill. They separated in December, and on January 16 she filed suit for divorce. Mrs. Mennerich was arrested in Springfield, but was released.

ASK CENTRAL POWER IN IOWA

Efficiency Engineers Want Governor as Head—Would Have Judges Appointed by Chief Justice.

Des Moines, Ia., March 3.—The governor of Iowa will become the actual head of every department of the executive branch of the state government, while every judge in the state will be appointed by the chief justice of the supreme court. If the plans of the efficiency engineers of the last legislature are carried out, it was announced. The report of the engineers is in the hands of the legislative committee on retrenchment and reform.

Well Known Smelting Man Dies. Calumet, Mich., March 2.—J. B. Cooper of Hubbell, one of the foremost smelting men in the world and superintendent of the Calumet & Hecla Mining company's copper smelting plants, died here of cancer.

Two Guilty of Land Frauds. Kansas City, Mo., March 2.—R. H. Martin and J. Borders, agents of Florida Fruit Lands company, pleaded guilty in the federal court to charge of conspiracy in the sale of lands in the Everglades of Florida.

DE PALMA WINS RACE

VICTOR IN VANDERBILT CUP RACE
AT SANTA MONICA, CAL.

Oldfield, a Close Second—Driver Perils Mechanician and Self, When He Passes Italian at "Death Curve."

Santa Monica Race Course, Cal., Feb. 28.—The Vanderbilt cup automobile classic was won by Ralph de Palma on Thursday when he sent his Mercedes car 294.035 miles in 3 hours 51 minutes and 41 seconds. This is an average of 75.5 miles an hour. Barney Oldfield, driving a Mercer car, was second in 3 hours 55 minutes and 1 second.

At the beginning of the thirtieth lap De Palma was 30 seconds behind Oldfield, but the latter started 85 seconds ahead of De Palma and would have to gain 60 seconds in the remaining five laps to defeat the winner of the last Vanderbilt cup race.

Oldfield went into the lead at the end of the twenty-third lap, with De Palma a close second. The crowd went wild when the announcement was made that George Joermann, pilot of the Touraine, an entry that was believed without a possible chance of running more than a few laps, was the surprise of the classic. At the end of his nineteenth lap Joermann was driving a clever race and holding a tight grip on fifth place. When Oldfield had completed 25 laps he was still in the lead, followed in order by De Palma, Carlson, Cooper, Joermann and Janette.

As Oldfield passed De Palma he enacted a piece of the most daring driving ever witnessed on any Vanderbilt cup race course. The two machines had passed the grand stand with only few seconds separating them. As they approached "death curve," a right-angle turn, Oldfield put on all power and overtook De Palma. With death for himself and his mechanician a certainty if he sent his car one inch out of the path, Oldfield dashed onto the curve and swung around De Palma's Mercedes.

He kept the lead on the straightaway and passed the grand stand 100 feet ahead of De Palma. The shouting of the crowd was thunderous.

DYNAMITER FOUND GUILTY

George Koscak Convicted by Jury of Transporting Explosive to Blow House in Wisconsin.

Kenosha, Wis., Feb. 27.—George Koscak, tried in the circuit court on a charge of transporting dynamite from Racine to Kenosha to be used in the destruction of the home of Jerry W. Decou, a member of the Kenosha board of health and factory manager of the plant of the Thomas B. Jeffery company, was found guilty of the charges by a jury in the circuit court on Wednesday. The jury was out 22 hours. The case has been the most bitter tried in this county. Koscak, a poor Austrian laborer, has had the most elaborate defense ever offered to a man for any crime committed here in recent years. Under the Wisconsin law he may be sent to the state prison for from three to ten years.

WOMAN GUILTY OF MURDER

Mrs. Cynthia Buffum of Little Valley, N. Y., Convicted of Killing Husband and Babe.

Little Valley, N. Y., March 2.—Mrs. Cynthia Buffum was found guilty of the murder in the first degree of her husband and daughter on Friday. The verdict not only stunned the woman and her counsel, but caused a demonstration of astonishment in the little courtroom. The jury was out five hours and twenty minutes. Mrs. Buffum was confident, even smiling, at the end of the trial. For the first time since her arrest last October the woman accused of murdering her husband, Willis; her baby son, Norris; her daughter, Laura, and of poisoning her three other children had unqualified. Mrs. Buffum's attorney immediately will ask a new trial.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR

London, Feb. 28.—The nine labor leaders, who were deported from South Africa several weeks ago, were guests of honor at a dinner given by the labor members of parliament on Thursday.

Waterloo, Ia., Feb. 28.—Ten thousand five hundred dollars has been raised by Waterloo citizens for the Iowa building to be erected by this city for the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco.

Spokane, March 2.—Mrs. Stella Maries, a widow, lost her life when she attempted unsuccessfully to save the lives of her two daughters, Helen, four, and Gale, seven years old, when her home burned. The three were killed. Her two sons escaped by jumping from a window.

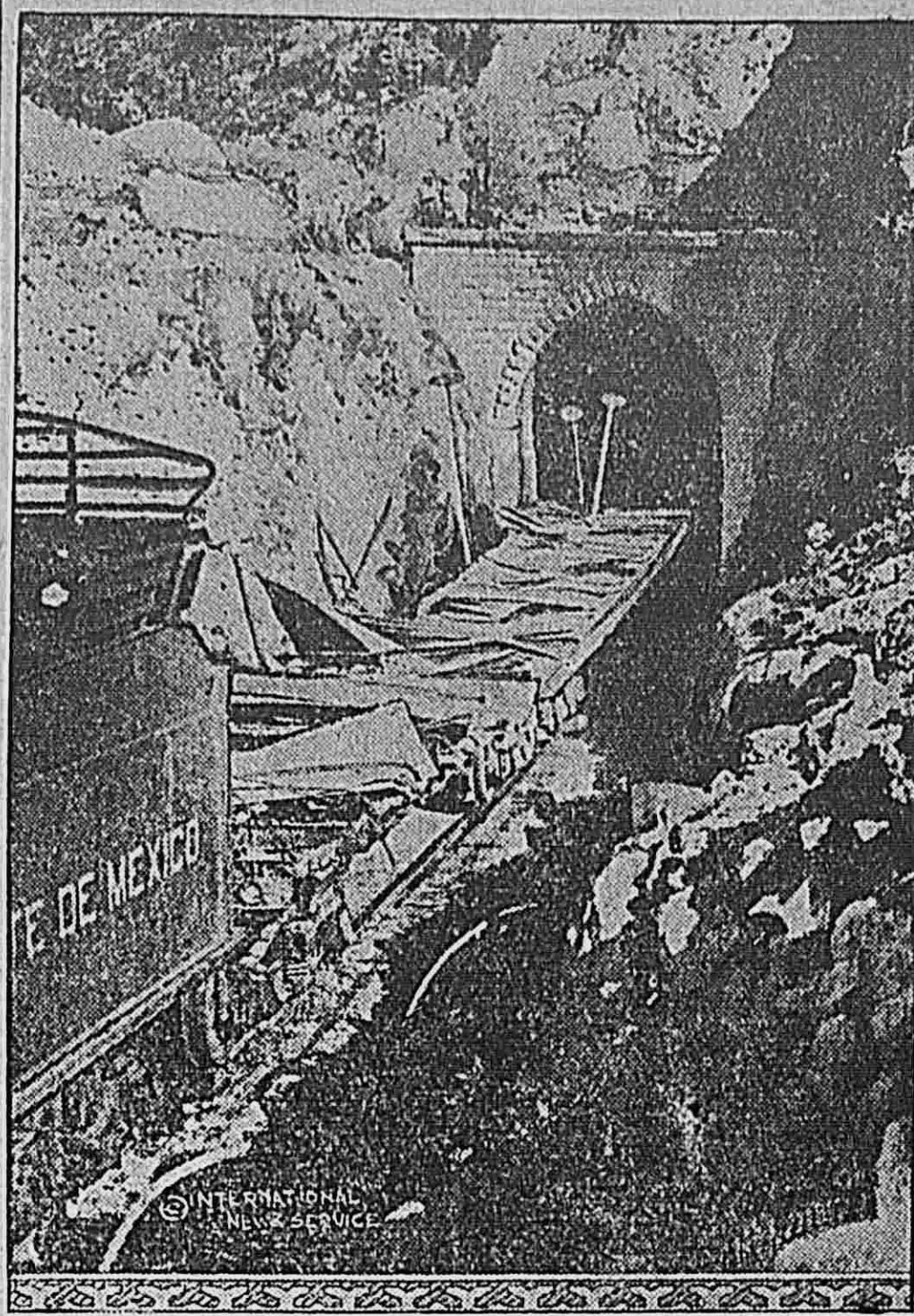
Earl of Minto Is Dead.

London, March 3.—The Earl of Minto, former governor general of Canada and former viceroy of India, died at Hawick. The earl succeeded Lord Curzon, who married Mary Leiter of Chicago, as viceroy of India.

Wright to Enter Race.

New York, March 3.—Orville Wright has come to the rescue of America in aviation and for the first time in four years there is to be a Wright aeroplane built for the contest for the Coupe Internationale d'Aviation.

SCENE OF CASTILLO'S HORRIBLE CRIME



This is the south entrance of the Cumbre tunnel which Castillo, the Mexican bandit, set afire, causing the death of a number of men. In the photograph an engine is seen drawing out the wreckage of the train that ran into the blazing tunnel.

EAST HIT BY STORM

GALE AND BLIZZARD CUTS OFF
NEW YORK FROM COMMUNICATION WITH WEST.

FIVE PERSONS LOSE LIVES

Snow Aids Wind in Snapping Telegraph Poles—Ship Lost But Captain and Crew of Eight Are Saved.

New York, March 3.—A destructive storm swept the northeastern section of the country Sunday. From Pittsburgh and Buffalo on the west to the Atlantic seaboard and up through the New England states heavy gales carried rain, snow or sleet, the maximum precipitation in some localities being more than fifteen inches. Ships were blown ashore, interurban communication by telegraph and telephone was interrupted for hours, and trains were blocked or delayed on nearly all railroad lines.

Five deaths were caused here by the storm, which swept the Atlantic coast, isolating Boston from communication with the west, except by cable to Nova Scotia.

At times the wind, blowing from the northeast, reached a velocity of 72 miles an hour. Carrying wet snow with it, the gale wrecked 50 wires of the Western Union that ordinarily connect New York and Chicago, and like damage was done to the 151 wires to Philadelphia. The Postal Telegraph company reported damage as great.

The Twentieth Century Limited, bound for Chicago, is reported stalled north of Ossining, where telegraph poles fell across the tracks of the New York Central. Many other trains are delayed.

At Elizabethport, N. J., a tower carrying 100 wires of the Western Union Telegraph company, was burned. In the city of New York the streets, which had just been partly cleaned at a cost of \$1,500,000, were covered with snow, and between 13,000 and 14,000 men will be put to work to clear them. Messages from the west are reaching Philadelphia by telegraph and being brought from that city by messenger.

Philadelphia, March 3.—Carried by a 45-mile gale the storm of sleet and snow crippled trolley and electric light service in this city. At Mount Carmel a portion of the roof of a tabernacle in which a religious revival was being held was blown off. No one was hurt.

Wakefield, R. I., March 3.—The four-masted schooner Jacob S. Winslow, lumber-laden, from Ferdinand for Providence, crashed onto Black Rocks, on the southeast side of Block Island. Captain Wilson and his crew of eight men were saved.

King George Offers Cup.

Washington, March 3.—The king of England will offer a cup valued at \$500 for an international yacht race to be held during the Panama-Pacific exposition in 1915, according to a letter from the king's aid de camp.

Victim's Insurance to Slayer.

Trenton, N. J., March 3.—The supreme court decided on Saturday that Angelo Cicerello can collect \$500 insurance on the life of his wife, although he is under sentence of death for murdering her.

TAFT UPHOLDS WILSON

SAYS INTERVENTION MEANS
UNLESS LOSS OF LIFE.

Former President Expresses His Views on Mexico Problem in Address at Capital.

Washington, March 2.—Former President Taft took a hand in the Mexican problem Friday. In a speech before the National Geographic society he warned the administration against intervention. The cost in money and lives, he said, would be enormous and the results of doubtful benefit.

"The situation is in such a condition," Mr. Taft said, "that it would be improper for me to comment on it, except to say this: That those who lightly look forward to intervention are either utterly regardless of the loss of life and the expenditure of immense treasure, or else they don't understand what armed intervention on the part of this government in Mexico will mean."

"Those of us who have had experience in the tranquillizing of a tropical country with a people not very different from the Mexicans, who take naturally to guerrilla warfare and would rather fight and run than work, know the difficulties that an army would have to meet to accomplish the only purpose that we would have in going in—the bringing about of law and order."

"It would involve the garrisoning with a sufficient force of every town. It would involve the organization of columns to chase the guerrillas into their mountain fastnesses and across trackless desert plains and the subjugation of 15,000,000 of people."

"I don't know when we would get through, I don't know how many lives it would involve, I don't know how much it would cost, but I do know it would be a drag upon us, and then when we got the thing done the future would still be a charge and a burden on our government and on our treasury."

Professor Taft afterward was the guest of President Wilson at luncheon at the White House. Mr. Taft's calls at the White House have been frequent since he left, March 4 last.

Noted Cartoonist Is Dead.

London, England, Feb. 28.—Sir John Tenniel, for many decades the leading British cartoonist, died at the age of ninety-four years. Sir John was the famous English cartoonist who so mercilessly caricatured Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War. He was the dean of the world's great political cartoonists. Tenniel held the record for continuous service. Fifty years were passed, with scarcely a holiday, as cartoonist. On Lincoln's death Tenniel's bitterness against him disappeared.

Plotters Sent to Prison.

Chicago, March 3.—Salvatore Seranni and S. Brzezinski, two alleged "Black Hand" plotters, were sentenced to five years in the penitentiary and fined \$1,000 each by Federal Judge Landis.

Named for River Commission.

Washington, March 3.—President Woodrow Wilson sent to the senate on Saturday the nomination of Edward A. Glenn of Missouri to be a member of the Mississippi river commission.

GALE TIES UP EAST

TRAINS LOST IN SNOW AND SHIPS
KEPT FROM PORTS BY TERRIFIC SNOWSTORM.

MANY PERSONS LOSE LIVES

Property Loss Is Great as Result of
Terrific Storm—Nineteen Liners
Carrying Thousands of Passengers Held Up.

New York, March 4.—Fifteen persons are dead, scores have been injured and hundreds are in peril on land and sea in a blizzard, which has been sweeping the Atlantic seaboard.

Business in this city was paralyzed on Monday. Fourteen inches of snow has fallen. Rail traffic is at a standstill and wire communication is badly crippled.

Dawn found this city isolated. Telegraph and telephone service was badly crippled, many wires going down in the wind and snow.

Scores of trains bearing commuters into the city were blocked. Street car and elevated traffic was seriously impaired. Hundreds of miles of city streets were absolutely impassable.

Six vessels were reported to have been wrecked in the gale off the New England coast.

Train service was halted entirely. The Congressional limited, one of the crack trains on the Pennsylvania, bound from Washington to this city, stuck in a snow drift outside of Trenton.

The New York Central, the Erie, the Central railroad of New Jersey, the Delaware and Hudson and the Lackawanna all experienced similar difficulties.

Four New York Central trains were reported lost between this city and Albany.

The monetary loss from the storm will be enormous. With 19 steamers, nine of them big ocean liners, held at sea by the worst gale since that of 1887, fears are felt here that some of the vessels may meet with disaster.

The stoppage of railroad traffic threatened a milk famine, as trains bearing the city's milk supply were unable to enter.

Thirty-two men are hopelessly facing death on eight steel barges anchored in a fifty-mile gale off Fire Island. On shore life savers are watching the imperiled vessels, but unable to launch a rescuing boat in the mountainous seas, as the wind is blowing directly toward the dangerous coast.

Philadelphia, March 4.—Five persons lost their lives in the terrific blizzard which struck this city on Sunday. Snow was still falling at noon, being piled into high drifts by a high wind. Steam and electric traffic was at a standstill and wire communication was badly crippled. Trains arriving here from the west on the Pennsylvania railroad were many hours late, the snowfall being exceptionally heavy in the Allegheny mountains.

Wreckage on the tracks of the Reading held up traffic on that line. The thermometer was 16 degrees above zero.

New Brunswick, N. J., March 4.—Vice-President Marshall was a passenger on a Pennsylvania railroad train which was stalled by the snow near the local station about midnight on Sunday and was still there early in the afternoon. The train was bound from New York to Philadelphia. The west-bound track of the Pennsylvania here is blocked by fallen wires and poles.

Cleveland, O., March 4.—Cleveland was staggered by another blizzard by which traffic was greatly delayed.

U. S. EXPRESS FIRM TO QUIT?

Rumored in New York That Company Has Been Hit Severely by the Parcel Post.

New York, March 4.—Because of the tremendous inroads made on its business by the parcel post, the United States Express company was rumored to be preparing to liquidate and go out of business. The report was heard everywhere in the financial district on Monday and was given general credence on the New York Stock Exchange. According to the rumor the company is considering amalgamating with another company.

STONE TAKES BACON'S POST

Senate Selects Missourian for Head of the Foreign Relations Committee.

Washington, March 4.—Senator William J. Stone of Missouri was made chairman of the senate committee on foreign relations by unanimous passage of a resolution to that effect, offered by Senator Kern of Indiana on Monday.

Aviator Newberry Killed.

Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, March 4.—While making a night near the Andes mountains, George Newberry, holder of several aeroplane records in this country, was killed. Lieut. Jimenez Lastra was badly hurt.

Anthony Petras Released.

Aurora, Ill., March 4.—Anthony Petras, held for three weeks as a suspect in connection with the murder of Miss Theresa Hollander, at Aurora, was released on \$10,000 bail by Judge Irwin at Geneva.

FREE ADVICE
TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped
By Common Sense
Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

1913 RECORD Magnificent Crops in all Western Canada

All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful yields of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Wheat graded from Contract to No. 1 Hard, weighed heavy and yielded from 20 to 45 bushels per acre; 22 bushels was about the total average. Mixed Farming may be considered fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutritious food for the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. In 1912, and again in 1913, at Chicago, Manitoba carried off the Championship for best steer. Good schools, markets, convenient, climate excellent. For the homesteader, the man who wishes to farm extensively, or the investor, Canada offers the biggest opportunity of any place on the continent.

Apply for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to C. J. Brownlie, 415 Broadway, N. Y. City, or 116 Delaware Ave., Detroit.

Canadian Government Agent

IGORASKE FARMS WESTERN CANADA FREE

KOW-KURE 50¢ and \$1.00 Sizes.

Get a package of Kow Kure today, and use it to prevent and cure disease of your cows. This old reliable remedy is no stock food, but a medicine for sick cows. It tones up the digestive and generative organs and helps a sure cure and preventive of Lost Appetite, Milk Fever, Bunches, Red Water, Scouring, Abortion, Barrenness, Retained Afterbirth. Sold in 50 cent and \$1.00 packages by druggists and feed dealers. Ask for copy of "The Cow Book."

DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO., INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Sick Headache and indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Colds and correct disorders of the stomach and bowels. Used by Mothers for 24 years. At all Druggists 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address A. B. Clumstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Rare Opportunity Make comfortable living. No tedious reply. Steady No canvassing. Send no postage. Samples, etc., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Suburban Sewing, 1 Jackson Park, Chicago.

READERS of this paper desiring used in its columns should mail upon their wish they ask for, retaining all substitutes or limitations.

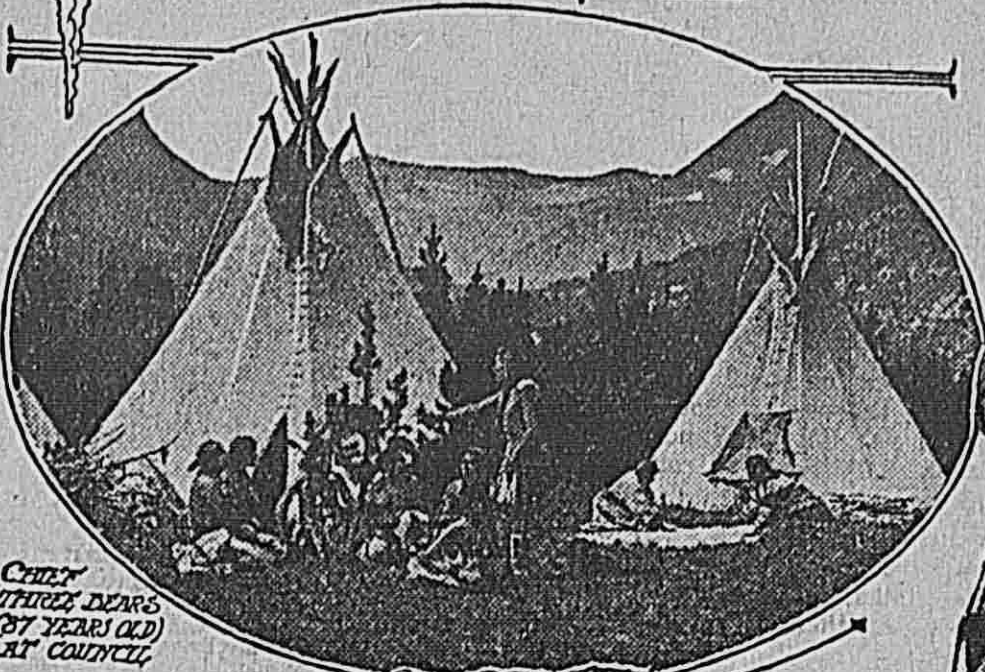
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PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

BLACKFEET'S SACRED FESTIVAL



CHIEF THREE DARS (87 YEARS OLD) AT COUNCIL



THE TRAIL TRAILERS



FISH WOLF ROBE

ICTURE to yourself a vast treeless plain with high snow capped mountains in the distance. On this level stretch of ground Indian tipis are arranged in a semi-circle. Some are white, others are yellow or red or brown. At one side two tall trees are stripped of their branches. This is for the ceremonies of the medicine lodge. There is a motley crowd of Indians on foot and on horseback. Mingling with them are white men and women from the adjoining country. All are massed around a circular rope fence, inside of which the Blackfeet Indians are holding their annual festival with stories and sacred dances.

If you were in Montana last June this is what you would have witnessed when 2,000 Piegan Indians from Canada and U. S. country held at Browning, the Indian reservation just outside of the Glacier National Park, their remarkable festival. The varicolored tipis held members of many tribes of Indians. The dances which were witnessed are old, old, so ancient that the Indian cannot tell when they started. The beaded jackets, strange feathered headdresses, medicine bags and deerskin suits which Indian chiefs wear cannot be purchased for money and the strange chants are handed down from father to son.

If you press closer to the rope fence and mingle more freely with the onlookers you will see among the crowd white men in khaki suits, high boots, sombreros, and white women watching the dances, which last for four or five days and which afford the Indian an opportunity to renew acquaintances and go through religious ceremonies.

Perhaps by your side is a young Indian girl on a pony with trappings of headwork; next to her is a New York society woman, and jogging elbows with her is an old Indian squaw with blanket or beaded cape and black hair braided down her back. In her arms she holds a blinking Indian baby, strapped to the back board and swathed in embroidered and beaded blankets which lace together. On the outskirts of the crowd are Indians sitting on horses to which are attached the travois for carrying burdens, for they may have come a long distance. Over all, the onlookers, the dancing chiefs, the singing and swaying Indians, the hot sun beats down.

Then suddenly the chiefs cease to chant. Several other leaders of the tribe push into the circle and begin a rhythmic song. Tomtoms are beaten, the Indian braves shout and leap, coming down always on the ground on a certain beat of the music. The Indian women, leaping to their feet, join in a circle that revolves and revolves and produces a hypnotic influence which in some cases seizes the white onlookers.

These Blackfeet Indians with their love songs, their wolf songs, Sioux celebration songs, children's game songs and tribal hymns fascinate you. Their dances, the sun dance, the grain dance, the grass dance, are among the most interesting given by the Indians. Though some of these redmen may ordinarily dress in the store clothes of the white man they are all interested enough in their tribal dances to assume their ancestral garb when the dance and song festivals occur. They look upon many of these ceremonies as having religious character expressive of their beliefs. The sun dance as given by them always has its beginning in a woman's prayer for the recovery of the sick and the whole tribe come together to fulfill vows, to fast and to pray, as well as to seek what diversion dancing affords.

The chief dancer of these Indians is Chief Fish Wolf Robe. He has many handsome costumes. Some of them are of buckskin with necklace of many strands of beads and leggings and moccasins ornamented with porcupine quills. Another chief may wear a war bonnet of feathers tipped with stained horsehair. Otter and mink skins are woven in and out and the animals' tails hang down behind. Bracelets and leggings of tanned deer skin ornamented with porcupine quills are common.

The Blackfeet Indians have from time immemorial known of a wonderful trail which runs north and south along the Rocky mountains. According to authorities who have gained the confidence of the chiefs, no one knows how old this trail is. It is called the "Old North Trail" and is worn deep by the feet of travelers.

Though it is not used much now since railroads have come, the deep ruts still show amid weeds and mosses. This trail runs at a uniform distance from the Rockies, passes near where the city of Helena now stands and extends south as far as Mexico.

The road has been frequented by Canadian Indians as well as American redmen and it forks where Calgary stands in Canada. This Old North Trail has many traditions connected with it and stories are told of expeditions of Canadian Indians who went south to the dark skinned people (Mexicans). It took 12 moons of steady traveling.

There are many legends in Glacier National Park connected with the early life of the Blackfeet tribe. One of these is associated with the beautiful Two Medicine lakes. Here is the story as told by a Blackfeet chief:

"Many years ago there was a famine in the land of the Blackfeet, which is set down by my father from 1835 to 1837. At that time the Blackfeet Indians owned everything from Hudson bay to the Rocky mountains, and in all that land there was no green spot except in the valley that is called Two Medicine. Even the buffalo left the country because there was no food for them and the Indians that sought refuge in the mountains found no game or anything to eat except berries.

"Then the old men of the tribe withdrew to the valley that is now called Two Medicine and built there two medicine lodges, so great was their need. They worshiped the Great Spirit and prayed to be told what they should do to be saved from the

famine. And the Great Spirit heard them and directed them to send seven of their patriarchs to the Chief mountain, where the wind god was then residing.

"They followed these directions and seven of their oldest men retired to Chief mountain, and there surely was the wind god. He stood at the summit of the mountain and the wings extending from his shoulders spread wide over the valleys. He faced north, east, south and west and his wings quivered as he stood. The old men worshiped him from afar but were afraid to come near him to make their prayers, and after their long journey they went back empty handed to their people.

"Then the medicine men directed them to send 14 of their strongest and bravest young warriors to intercede with the wind god. These young men also when they reached the mountain saw the wind god were afraid, but they drew nearer and nearer to him and finally they dared to touch the skins he was wearing. They made their prayer to him and he listened and his wings quivered and quivered and gradually clouds began to gather over the plains and the rain fell as if in a deluge. He stretched one wing wide over the plain telling them to go back there and they would find the buffalo.

"The warriors then descended to the valley and brought the good news to their people, and they found that already the buffalo had come back and the famine was broken. And ever afterward the valley was called the Valley of the Two Medicine in memory of the medicine lodges that were there erected to the Great Spirit in the time of famine."

Witty Retort.

Curran was on terms of intense enmity with Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor, with whom when a member of the bar he fought a duel, and whose hostility to him on the bench he always said caused him losses in his professional income which he could not estimate at less than £30,000.

The incidents attendant on this disagreement were at times ludicrous in the extreme. One day, when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate statement in chancery, Lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him, and during the progress of the argument he lent his ear much more to the dog than to the barrister. This was observed at length by the entire profession. In time the lord chancellor lost all regard for decency. He turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case, and began in full court to fondle the animal. Curran stopped at once.

"Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare.

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord; I really took it for granted that your lordship was employed in consultation."

Raw Meat Juice Cure.

Prof. Charles Richet, to whom the Nobel prize for medicine was awarded last year, declares that if a person suffering with tuberculosis will go to a slaughter house daily and drink the fresh juice extracted from eight or ten pounds of raw beef, he will be cured within three years.

the waves. Just so the bullet, remarks the New York Sun. If it is traveling slowly no waves can be photographed, as apparently there are none.

Photographs of a bullet going at a rate of speed less than 1,200 feet a second show no air waves at all. This is an interesting scientific discovery. But anything cutting through the air at a greater rate than this disturbs the atmosphere to such great extent that air waves are formed and can be photographed.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Recalling the Bloody War of the Broken Egg

WASHINGTON.—The subject of eggs came up at luncheon time in the senate restaurant. The proposition of efficient economy was under discussion when Senator Carroll S. Page made the startling statement that in the discussion of tariff and currency, one important element of cost and loss had been overlooked. He referred to the report from the secretary of agriculture, declared that in one year over 1,500,000 eggs were destroyed in transportation to New York city. This loss represented 9 per cent. of the total supply. With a twinkle in his eye, Senator Page suggested that some one might acquire fame and fortune by inventing a safe and sane egg-carrier.

That would avert the smashing of 10 per cent. of the eggs laid by the American hen. The farmer's boy of years ago can recall the time when eggs sold at from five to ten cents a dozen, and even under those conditions the smashing of an egg was a real calamity.

The omnipresent egg on the breakfast table recalls the story told by the late Senator Allison of a broken egg that led to an Indian war in Minnesota.

In 1862, several Sioux Indians appeared in a farmer's dooryard and saw a nest picked up one of the eggs, and as an industrious hen is wont to do. An Indian it belonged to a white man. Having a general contempt for all pale-faces, the nest, while another Sioux shot the hen, scared from her nest. A third, to show his heroism, sent a bullet through the farmer's cow, which brought the farmer to the door, rifle in hand; and a fourth Indian, to show his supreme bravery and his contempt for the white man, shot the farmer dead. This bloody outrage was completed by massacring the farmer's wife and children.

Thus from a bit of mischief started by a broken egg, there followed a revolt at the Indian reservation.

Chance Must Have Been a Little Too Caustic

REPRESENTATIVE ADAMSON wrote to M. O. Chance, chief clerk of the postoffice department, a little while ago in behalf of a clerk, A. E. Moody, a colored man from Georgia. He said to Mr. Chance that the clerk was a pretty good fellow, so "if he has done wrong don't discharge him, but cuss him out a bit."

Well, in a few days along came a letter from Chance to Representative Adamson, saying that the cussing-out process must have been a little too caustic, for the clerk had resigned, leaving a letter informing Mr. Chance that a minister of the gospel had flown from their midst. This is the letter: "Hon. Mr. Chance, Chief Clerk of the Postoffice Department.—Dear Sir: I do hereby send in my resignation to you. I truly hope that you will receive it. Please your honor sir: I am a gospel minister. I have been called a long time ago to preach the gospel by the God of heaven and earth. I cannot do it successfully and hold my job in the government service, and I will pray for the blessing of God to rest on the Postmaster General and his cabinet in the Post Office Department. But I may miss the envelope that is handed to me twice a month from the disbursing clerk, Mr. Mooney, but I rather missed that than to miss eternal life. Woe be unto me if I preach not the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every man that believe. I know that my white friends of Newnan, Ga., my home, will be surprised when they hear of this. Mr. Hon. William C. Adamson, the Congressman of said district and Mr. Hon. M. Bell of Georgia. By their influence I came in the services. They have stood by me because they have my record from Newnan, Ga., as a negro, but I must go and preach the gospel in fall.

After which Representative Adamson wrote "Brother" Chance: "I have your favor of the 4th instant, inclosing copy of a letter from Rev. Blank. I was not aware of the fact that he was a minister, nor do I know whether he has verified his call to the ministry or not. If he has correct advice in his credentials from on high you people in the postoffice department are in a bad fix."

Saddest Plaint One Ever Hears in Washington

WORKING for Uncle Sam, which at first is a vocation, oftentimes becomes a disease, and an incurable one. The saddest plaint one ever hears in Washington—sadder than the wail of the rejected office seeker—is that of the helpless and hopeless government clerk lamenting his unhappy lot. He realizes that he is "in bad," and yearns for one more chance to right himself. He is in the net and cannot escape. He would like to extricate himself, but that is impossible. Perhaps his head has whitened and his hands have paled in the service, and his years of steady employment are unrepresented by a dollar saved. His fate is sealed.

Gloomily he trods his weary way. Perhaps he is a man yet capable of throwing off his government harness and hitching himself to something better outside the cramping, grinding world of clerical slavery under official tyranny, but he has a family and cannot afford to take a chance. He has certain fixed expenses, and his income must be uninterrupted. He has not saved a penny, because his salary, which looked quite sufficient when he was a single man, now is woefully inadequate under the added strain of the obligations of a family.

He could fill satisfactorily most any position requiring clerical ability and experience, but he cannot let go his government job to find something even equally as remunerative. He is afraid to take the chance.—National Magazine.

As Everybody Knows, "Findings Is Keepings"

A FIERCE winter's wind went tangoing down the avenue the other day, romped and danced and rolled onward for three whirlwindy squares, until the man who had been sprinting after it gave up the chase.

And as he gasped and wheezed—red and wind blown—this is what a batch of fellow men heard him yell—every last man of them chuckling at the poor chap—which is the way of man, except when he's chasing a hat of his own:

"You can keep it up to Jericho, if you want to. I'm done—you unholy roller, you." He shook himself with the disgusted emphasis which dear Darwin could have told him he had inherited from some prehistoric web hen, and then turned and plodded back. The hat, however, had no notion of taking a trip to Jericho. It stopped until another man came along and plucked it up.

He was undoubtedly an honest man, for he looked about for a claimant, but the owner was already merged in the crowd, and, as everybody knows, findings is keepings.

The man brushed the hat with his sleeve, saw that it was an almost new derby, with the latest kink in ribbon bands, and—judging by his grin, as he looked inside—just his own size.

WHAT AN OHIOAN HAS TO SAY ABOUT CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA.

W. E. Lewis formerly lived near Dayton, Ohio. He went to Saskatchewan seven years ago with \$1,800 in money, a carload of household effects and farm implements, including four horses and three cows. Of course, the first year he only got feed from the crops, but the second year had 100 acres in wheat which made over 2,800 bushels. He has not had a failure in crop, and at present has 22 head of horses, 15 head of cattle and 35 hogs, and owns 1,120 acres of land, all under cultivation. He has been offered \$35 an acre for his land, and should he care to dispose of his holdings he could pay all his debts and have \$30,000 to the good; but, as he says, "Where could I go to invest my money and get as good returns?" He continues in his letter to the immigration department, August, 1912:

"We have equally as good if not better prospects for crops this year as we had three years ago, when our wheat ranged from 30 to 45 bushels per acre. I never believed such crops could be raised until I saw them myself. I had 15 acres that year that made 50 bushels to the acre. Our harvest will be ready by the 12th. We have this season in crop 400 acres of wheat, 125 of oats, 90 of flax and run three binders with four men to do the stooking. We certainly like this country and the winters, although the winters are cold at times, but we do not suffer as one would think. What we have accomplished here can be duplicated in almost any of the new districts."—Advertisement.

Ashtamed of Them. "Why does Brown sometimes go by another name?" "He used to sign the popular songs he writes."

ERUPTION ON ANKLE BURNED

Kingsville, Mo.—"My trouble began eighteen years ago. Nearly half of the time there were running sores around my ankle; sometimes it would be two years at a time before they were healed. There were many nights I did not sleep because of the great suffering. The sores were deep running ones and so sore that I could not bear for anything to touch them. They would burn all the time and sting like a lot of bees were confined around my ankle. I could not bear to scratch it. It was always so sensitive to the touch. I could not let my clothes touch it. The skin was very red. I made what I called a cap out of white felt, blotting paper and soft white cloth to hold it in shape. This I wore night and day.

"I tried many remedies for most of the eighteen years with no effect. Last summer I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The very first time I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment I gained relief; they relieved the pain right then. It was three months from the time I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment until the sores were entirely healed. I have not been troubled since and my ankle seems perfectly well." (Signed) Mrs. Charles E. Brooke, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

The Right Kind. "What kind of a line would you recommend in a matrimonial expedition?" "I should say, a beau-line."

A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Familiarity. "Does he know her very well?" "He must. I overheard him telling her that she is getting fat."

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

A critic, Cordella, is a person who is unable to do a thing in the way he thinks it ought to be done.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

It pays to be honest, but sometimes pay seems far off.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes make no muss. Adv.

Even luck may be handicapped by laziness.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BULLETS

If a photograph of a speeding bullet could be taken the print would probably show a space like a body of water marked by what looked like speeding water bugs, each having a ripple in its wake. Photographs of projectiles have been snapped in time of peace, but it is doubtful if the camera ever caught one as it sped on its mission of death. A bullet speeding at the rate of 3,000 feet a second,

which is more than 2,000 miles an hour, makes a great disturbance in the atmosphere and creates air waves which, of course, are invisible to the naked eye.

If you draw a stick through the water it causes little eddies and waves to trail behind it. The faster you draw the stick the more waves and the wider the angle will it leave. The slower the stick is drawn the fewer

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.
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THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1914

AUCTION SALE

Having decided to quit farming I will sell at public auction on the Nelson farm at Monaville 2 1/2 miles south-west of Lake Villa and 3 miles north-east of Ingleside, on

Monday, March 9
Commencing at 1 o'clock sharp the following property to-wit:

21 head of live stock—15 head of young cows, 5 with calves by their side, some giving milk, rest springers. Bull 2 years old, bull calf 8 months old, bay horse, brood mare, sucking colt, Golden 7 years old, 60 hens, 4 guinea hens, about 2 or 3 hundred bushels of corn, about 100 bu oats, some seed corn, 15 tons tame hay in barn, seeder, sulkey plow, walking plow, corn planter, pulverizer, sulkey cultivator, fanning mill, wagon, milk wagon, buss, harrow, pair bobs, grindstone, horse clippers, 4 bee hives, caldron kettle, double harness and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Usual Terms
H. Nelson, Prop.
Geo. Vogel, Auctioneer.

Having rented my farm I will sell at public auction, 7 miles east of Antioch, 3 miles east of Pikeville, 2 1/2 miles west of Russell, on the State Line road, on

Saturday, March 7
Commencing at 11 o'clock sharp the following property to-wit:

10 head of cattle—6 head of milk cows yearling calf, heifer coming in soon, first calf, blooded Holstein bull, six weeks old, white Durham calf, 2 mos. 4 head of horses—black mare 9 years, wt 1500; bay gelden, wt 1300; black colt, 10 months old; gray mare, 10 years old, wt 1000, in foal, Seneca Stewart. 2 shoats, sow, boar.

Feed—hay in barn, corn in stack, grain in bin, seed oats, wheat, turkeys, ducks and geese.

Machinery—hay loader, nearly new, clean sweep, side delivery rake, Van Brunt seeder, new; Rock Island riding plow, new; iron beam drag, nearly new grain binder, Oliver walking plow, corn binder; David Bradley walking plow; self dump rake, spring tooth cultivator, wagon and hay rack, five foot McCormick mower, milk cart, 4 sets harness. 5 milk cans, 1 new harness, milk wagon, single buggy, meat jars, 2 drying harness, bob sleigh, cooking range, household furniture and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Free lunch at noon.
Usual Terms.
Mrs. Martin Hogan, Prop.
Geo. Vogel, Auctioneer.

The undersigned will sell at public auction on the Henry Wedge farm situated 2 miles west of Millburn and 5 miles east of Antioch, on

Saturday, March 7
Commencing at 1 o'clock sharp the following property to-wit:

23 head of live stock—10 good milkers 2 heavy springers, 4 heifer calves, 2 horses, 3 and 4 years old, wt 1100; cow with calf by side, 3 yearling heifers, thoroughbred Registered Holstein bull, 18 months old, about 65 chickens, work harness nearly new.

Usual Terms.
Albert Jack, Prop.
Henry Sine, Auctioneer.

Having decided to quit farming I will sell at public auction on the Darby farm at Lake Villa, on

Friday March 13
Commencing at 1 o'clock sharp, the following property to-wit:

20 head of live stock—12 good milk cows, 1 coming in the last of March and 1 the middle of April, balance milking; 4 yearling calves, good brood mare, bay gelding, bay mare, bay horse, about 40 standard bred white Wyandotte chickens, 20 hens, 7 turkeys, 12 ducks, pair of Piken ducks, standard bred 3 Chinese geese, pair Toulouse geese.

Feed—Stack of timothy hay, some corn fodder, 100 bu oats, about 50 bu corn in crib.

Machinery—Osborne corn binder new sulkey plow, walking plow, cultivator, walking cultivator, Hoosier, Jr., seeder pulverizer, roller, cornsheller, mower, bob sleigh, good wagon, hay rack dump planks, set modern drag, milk wagon, 2 sets double harness, 7 milk cans, 18 grain sacks.

Household Good—Golden oak dining table, leather seat chairs to match, center table, 6 hole range, wood heating stove and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Usual Terms.
Fred Bartlett, Prop.
Geo. Vogel, Auctioneer.
J. E. Brook, Clerk.

Daily Thought.
Teach your children to create. Don't always give them finished products to enjoy.

ROBBER ROBBED HIMSELF

By H. H. BRANDON.

The bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage.

At the foot of a hill, however, he decided to make the ascent afoot, and so his family and servants were far in advance when he decided to hasten. At a wild point in the road a fellow leaped from behind some stones, flourished a club, and demanded "Money!"

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken.

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off—a few paltry tin-pennies! Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, but pull out your purse immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone!"

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents: "My good fellow, there it is; don't ill-use me; I've forgiven you all; pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you please; as sure as I'm not a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must search for your note-case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over or you'll sup sorrow tonight."

It was given up. The bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait a while, or maybe I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and seals, and then you may trudge."

"Surely you have taken enough; leave my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Whoa'd your forgiveness, you old varmint! Don't force me to do anything I'll be sorry for—but without any more bother, just give me the watch."

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to the spoiler.

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and, having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term "a hard canter." Scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road when he perceived his persecutor running after him.

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you. I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenseless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a standstill. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical rogishness of expression as he said: "And is it likely that I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Or with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat, laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full buttoned wig, put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead, and with a loud laugh, ran off.

Thankful of having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage.

"My dear William," exclaimed his affable wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake, take off that filthy jacket and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit much better suited to your habit and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left to pay our expenses tonight. My watch, too, that I so dearly prize. Everything gone! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch or anything else just now; only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we might all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed. The young lady was about to place it under the seat when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination found secreted in various parts of the coat not only the watch, pocketbook, purse and silver of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag such as used by farmers, containing about 80 guineas.

PLAYING GAME OF EYES

By W. C. SHERLOCK.

"Look across the street, Phil. Tom Brandon seems to be scared to death of that big fellow with the black hat. I wonder what's up."

"Don't bother me, Jim, I'm busy," returned Harrington, impatiently.

"Tom's been casting furtive glances at the big fellow as if he was trying to dodge him," continued Morris, excitedly. "Now he's stopped in front of that jewelry store and the big fellow has ranged up alongside of him."

"Brandon's as pale as a ghost," observed Harrington, now thoroughly interested. "He's started off again and the big fellow is after him. Hello, he's coming over here!"

This was true. Brandon, eagerly glancing around for some way of escape from his pursuer, had seen Harrington and was hurrying across the street. A few moments later, he entered and sank, breathless and exhausted, into the chair Morris pushed towards him.

"What's the matter, Tom?" inquired Harrington, solicitously. "You are trembling like a leaf. Who's that big fellow who was following you?"

"Haven't the slightest idea, Phil," replied Brandon, shuddering at the reference to his pursuer. "That fellow's been following me for the past two months. No matter where I go, he's always behind me. A week ago he moved into the house next door to mine and it's been ten times worse since then."

"Why don't you ask him what he means?" demanded Morris.

"I can't, Jim," returned Brandon, mournfully. "I wish I could, but that fellow's got a pair of the most piercing eyes in his head that you ever saw. They bore me through like a gimlet and send a cold chill down my backbone."

"You're in bad shape, Tom. Why don't you run down to the country and brace up a bit?"

"I'd do it in a minute, Phil," replied Brandon, eagerly, "but I'm so tied up that unless I sell my house, I can't go."

"What will you take for the house, Brandon?" inquired Morris, thoughtfully. "Maybe I can sell it for you."

"I'd take five thousand, Jim, although I know it's worth more, just to get away from that fellow with those infernal black eyes."

"All right, Tom," returned Morris. "I'll take the matter in hand. I have an idea that may help me to sell the house."

Jim Morris was keen-eyed and observant. When he watched Brandon's efforts to elude the vigilance of his black-eyed pursuer, Morris felt sure he had seen the man with the piercing eyes somewhere although he could not remember just where it had been or under what circumstances. To make sure of this, he stationed himself near Brandon's house the following morning and, unobserved by either, followed Brandon and his shadow downtown. Brandon, to rid himself of his tormentor, went into Harrington's office and Morris followed the man with the penetrating eyes. The latter, unaware that he was being followed in turn, walked rapidly along until he reached a large

office building which he entered. Taking the elevator, Morris and the black-eyed man were rushed up to the seventh floor, where the latter entered the office of Abraham Smart, a well-known real estate broker.

Jim was ushered into Mr. Smart's presence and after making some inquiries about some property the broker had, withdrew, feeling satisfied that he had gained an insight into the tormenting of his friend.

The next morning Morris was sitting in his office, busy over his mail, when the man with the piercing black eyes entered.

"You have a house on — avenue advertised for sale," remarked the visitor, carelessly. "What is the price?"

"Eight thousand," replied Morris, curtly.

"Too much," retorted the caller, abruptly. "I'll give you five."

"The price is eight thousand, take it or leave it."

Without further words the man with the black eyes turned and left the office. Morris chuckled: "I've got him going and he'll be sorry before he's through."

On the succeeding day the man with the piercing black eyes returned to Morris' office to accept the price and make a deposit but to his dismay, found that the price had been raised to ten thousand.

"You said eight thousand yesterday," he blurted out, angrily, striving to use the power of his eyes upon the imperturbable Morris.

"Today I say ten thousand," retorted Jim, coolly. "Take it or leave it."

Muttering some imprecations, the would-be purchaser left but returned in an hour, willing to pay ten thousand for the property of Brandon. Again he found that real estate had taken a jump, Morris demanding twelve thousand for the property.

"What sort of a game are you playing on me?" demanded the man with the piercing eyes.

"You use your eyes to work your schemes and I use my head," replied Morris. "Speak quick. I haven't got all day to wait on you."

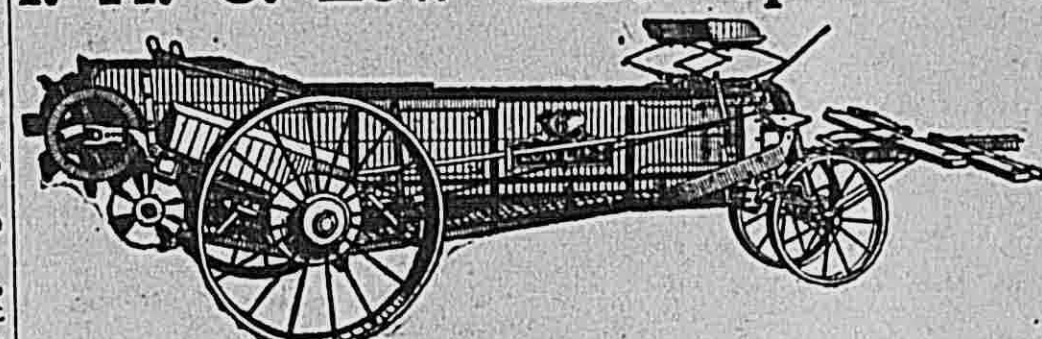
"I'll pay the twelve thousand—"

"And if you bother Brandon again I'll break your head for you," interrupted Morris.

Money's Voice.
Money talks; but some have an impediment in their income.—Ashley Sterne.

Uplifting Drama.
It ought not to be very difficult to elevate the stage. It has wings and flies.—Christian Register.

I. H. C. Low Lift Spreaders



A few years ago most farmers spread their manure and other fertilizers on the land and plowed it under. Experience and enlightenment from agriculture tests have proven that far better results can be obtained by spreading all fertilizers on the soil where the plants can get all their nourishment. By using a I. H. C. Low Lift Spreader these results can be accomplished in the best and easiest way. This spreader has a variation of feed from five to fifteen loads per acre which enables a farmer to put the necessary amount on each field. It is of the low type, but not so low as to impair the draft, but makes it an easy machine to load. It has a solid steel frame, trussed and braced like a bridge or tressel; large traction wheels and many other features that can only be appreciated when seen or used, so when in Antioch drop in at F. J. Hunt's Hardware and Impliment Store and look this machine over. It will pay you.

FRANK J. HUNT
ANTIOCH, - - - ILLINOIS

SPECIMEN BALLOT

VILLAGE OF ANTIOCH

Primary Election, Tuesday, March 10, 1914

P. M. Hughes
Village Clerk.

Village Clerk

☐

For Trustees—Full Term
(Vote for Three)

☐
☐
☐
☐

For Treasurer

☐

For Police Magistrate

☐

Made Some Difference.
"Does your husband seem to care for you as much since he became rich as he did when you and he were poor?" "Yes, I think he does. You see he has liver trouble and rheumatism and can't drink much or indulge in late suppers."—Chicago Record-Herald



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Lotus Camp No. 557. M. W. A.
Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting Neighbors always welcome. ED. GARRATT, V. C. J. C. James, Clerk

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Number 24 North Dearborn St.
Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewels at less than cost. At half the price you regular stores. Dec 1907

SEQUOIT LODGE No. 27, A. F. & A. M.
hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome. FRANK HUBER, Sec'y. ELMER BROOK, W. M. The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Dora Sabin, W. M. IDA OSBORN, Sec'y

L. G. STRANG

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and
Funeral Directors
ANTIOCH, - - - ILLINOIS
Phone 311
Also Farmer's Line

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Mar. 2.—The committee declared butter at 30.

Norris Proctor was out on crutches Tuesday.

John Thayer transacted business in Waukegan Monday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Chinn on Saturday last a son.

Chase Webb was a Waukegan visitor Wednesday.

Mr. Lavery of Knox, Ind., is visiting at the home of P. E. Hawkins.

J. C. James was transacting business at the county seat Wednesday.

Harold Williams and Frank Trussell of Chicago spent over Sunday here.

The California Ice company finished filling their ice house Tuesday noon.

Mrs. S. Hoye, who has been sick for the past two weeks, is on the gain.

Just received another car load of Gold Medal flour. Wm. Hillebrand. adv.

Dr. Ames was a witness in a will case at the court house at Waukegan Monday.

Lute Soule of Chetek, Wis., called on Antioch friends the fore part of the week.

Mrs. Inez Ames and Miss Mary Jamieson are entertaining their brother Gordon this week.

Mrs. Henry Herman and daughter visited relatives and friends in Chicago Monday and Tuesday.

There will be German Lutheran services at the Christian Church on next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Will Hook and family moved the first of this week from the Zellinger place to the Yopp farm at Grass Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. George Saul, Mr. and Mrs. Claussen of Reinbeck, Ia. were here Wednesday in attendance at the funeral of Wm. Garland.

Frank J. Hunt has leased the Antioch Creamery ice house and is filling same with ice from Cross Lake and will deliver to residences and the trade the coming summer.

Oil Meal at Hunt's. adv.

Miss Belle Hughes entertained about twenty five young people at an Epworth League merry-go-round at her home Saturday evening. A most enjoyable time was spent by all. So far the League has realized \$12.90 from these social affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Sexsmith, Mr. and C. A. Olin, Mr. and Mrs. Grice and Miss Emmons were entertained Thursday at Chris VanPatten's. A most delightful day was spent and on parting all vouchsafed they were perfectly willing to observe the season of fast for the next twenty-four hours at least.

Chick feed at Hunt's. adv.

My eye specialist will be at my store Saturday, March 7, from 3p. m., to 8 p. m. All those who suffer from headaches, eye strain, blurred vision or any of the results of defective eyesight are invited to call and see him. Eyes examined free. Prices reasonable. Wm. Keulman, Jeweler and Optician, Antioch, Ill. 24-4 w adv.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Ernest Clark gave a six o'clock dinner in honor of her mother Mrs. Johnson. Covers were laid for eighteen, the occasion being the 80 birthday of Mrs. Johnson, who partook of the festivities with as much happiness and vigor as she could, had it been her 20 birthday. At eleven o'clock, all bid her a fair good night and a wish of many happy returns.

Tax Notice

I will be at the store of Chase Webb in the village of Antioch every Wednesday and Saturday to receive taxes. W. T. Taylor, Collector. tf

For Collector

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the township of Antioch at the coming primaries subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. N. E. Proctor. tf

No Trouble to Please.

Knicker—"Is that car an easy runner?" Enthusiast—"Fine; just lie down and let me run over you."

Give Freely.

Give what you have. To someone it may be better than you dare to think.—Longfellow.

Learning to Do One's Duty.

Make it a point to do something every day that you don't want to do. This is the golden rule for acquiring the habit of doing your duty without pain.—Mark Twain.

Wise One.

Crawford—"The man who can look happy when he isn't makes a good companion." Crabshaw—"But you'd better not sit in a poker game with him."

Hesses guaranteed stock food. Chase Webb. adv.

Jos. Turner of Grayslake spent Saturday here.

W. J. Riley was an over Sunday and Monday Chicago visitor.

Ernest Kelly of Chicago spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Runyard were Waukegan passengers Monday.

Ben Hoysradt and Jay Haycock are serving on the jury at Waukegan this week.

O. Kettlehut and family moved into the Roll Shultis house on Lake street Wednesday.

Earl Horton moved this week into the house formerly occupied by Mr. Horcher on North Main street.

Oliver Cubbon and Orrin Olcott were serving on the grand jury at Waukegan the fore part of this week.

Calf Meal at Hunt's. adv.

Mrs. John Bohrn was called to Chicago Monday by the serious illness of her sister Mrs. Wm. Frank.

Ben Emmons of Chetek, Wis., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Alfred Esfinger at Leighton, and will later call on Antioch friends.

Samples of all kinds of seeds. Chase Webb. adv.

It is rumored that the Soo Line will run into the Grand Central depot, Harrison and Fifth avenue Chicago, about the first of April.

Mrs. Buddles, formerly Miss Gyneth Rich of Montana, who is now visiting home folks at Grayslake, spent Saturday and Sunday with Antioch friends.

For Sale Cheap—Practically new incubators, brooders, Philo coops, bone grinder, bone cutter, music box, electric motors, hot water heating plant. Dr. Corbin, Cross Lake, Antioch, Ill. Phone 2091.

The W. C. T. U., will hold its next meeting Wednesday, Mar. 11, at 2:30. The county W. C. T. U., Institute will meet in Antioch March 18th and 19th. Good speakers will be here and an excellent program will be given at that time. All are invited to be present. Sec. W. C. T. U.

The first township in Lake county which is to vote on the question of returning from dry to wet, is that of Newport, for word from Wadsworth is to the effect that steps have been taken now to have that question put on the spring ballot at the coming election. The township voted dry some years ago.

See my samples of clover, alfalfa and timothy seeds. Chase Webb. adv.

Victor Chinn has leased his laundry business here to Walter Christofferson and John Johnson. Both gentlemen have been employed in the laundry business for sometime. Mr. Christofferson having the benefit of eleven years experience in the business and it is quite evident that they will make a success of the venture from the start.

Last Sunday afternoon at five o'clock at the Methodist parsonage Rev. Stixrud united in marriage Miss Sarah Gregoroy and Mr. Leslie Perry, both well known young people of the vicinity of Hickory. Mr. and Mrs. Perry have leased the O'Hare farm for the coming year and will be at home to their many friends there from now on, having taken possession the first of March.

NOTICE

Property owners and anyone wishing to join the Volunteer Fire Department are requested to be present at the meeting in the town hall next Tuesday evening, at 7:30

R. S. Thompson, Sec'y

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all the neighbors and friends for their kindness to us in our trouble and loss by fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Sexsmith.

For Collector

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the Town of Lake Villa at the coming primaries, subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. Percy Dibble. tf

Result of Special Election

The special election for the purpose of determining whether we should have one Commissioner of Highways or to continue with three as heretofore, resulted as follows:

First Precinct—
For Single Commissioner..... 18
Against Single Commissioner..... 66

Second Precinct—
For Single Commissioner..... 29
Against Single Commissioner..... 54

The proposition for continuing the three commissioners was therefore carried by 83 majority.

Ball brand rubber boots at Webb's.

Chase Webb transacted business in Chicago Tuesday.

J. H. Goodrich of Delevan, Wis., spent Saturday in Antioch.

Mr. and Mrs. George Webb were Waukegan visitors Monday.

A good place to spend the evening. The Antioch Crystal Theater.

B. F. Van Patten was attending court business at the County Seat on Monday.

The Epworth League will hold a basket social at the M. E. church, Tuesday evening, March 10.

Cutters and Sleighs at Hunt's. adv.

Clayton Lester of Chicago visited at the home of Mrs. Adeline Clark the first of the week.

Money back if Hesses stock food don't do the business. Chase Webb. adv.

Mrs. A. E. Dorrance and daughter are this week moving to Chicago, having given up their dressmaking parlors here.

Milk cans at Hunt's. adv.

Wanted men to learn the barber trade—By our method you are prepared for position in a few weeks. Many jobs waiting. Tools given. Wages while learning. Write at once. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill.

An injunction was issued Saturday by Master in Chancery Stevens R. Baker, restraining the collecting of taxes on the \$2,000,000 fund of the Modern Woodmen of America, held by Head Banker David Meyers of Pontiac. This fund has been assessed by the Livingston county board of review.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of The State Bank of Antioch held on Saturday, February 28, the following were elected directors for the year: W. S. Westlake, E. B. Williams, Joseph Turner, Chase Webb and V. H. Strang. A 10 per cent dividend was paid to the stockholders and \$1500 added to the surplus account making the capital and the surplus of the bank \$40,000.

AUCTIONEER

I wish to announce to the people of Antioch and vicinity that I will cry sales at very reasonable terms. I have had years of experience in the business and can guarantee satisfaction. A. Gorgensen, Loon Lake, Phone 2043.

Notice

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the village of Antioch, subject to the wishes of the voters of the village.

George H. Hookney.

Notice

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the Town of Lake Villa, subject to the will of the voters at a Town Caucus to be held at Lake Villa, Saturday, March 21.

William H. Miller.

For Collector

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the township of Antioch at the coming primaries, subject to the will of the majority of the legal voters. W. T. Taylor. tf

Announcement

Having leased the laundry business of Victor Chinn and having assumed possession Monday, March 2, we wish to announce to the people of Antioch and vicinity that we are prepared to do all work in the best possible manner. Prompt attention to all order, good work and prompt delivery will be our motto.

Christofferson & Johnson.

Prisoners Will Work on Roads

Prisoners of Lake county who are sent to the county jail from the county or circuit court (but not the justice courts, will in the near future, be put to work on the streets and highways of Lake county in case the county judge and the circuit judges put their O. K. on the plan suggested by the supervisors and practically adopted by them at Tuesday's session.

State's Attorney Dady read the law on the matter and explained to the judges in the past could, had they desired, have ordered the prisoners to work out their fines, that the supervisors' action was not necessary to bring it about.

Two-Edged Threat.

She—"If you don't go away at once I shall call my husband." Podler—"I called on him first, and he threatened me with you."—Fliegende Blatter.

Fair Question.

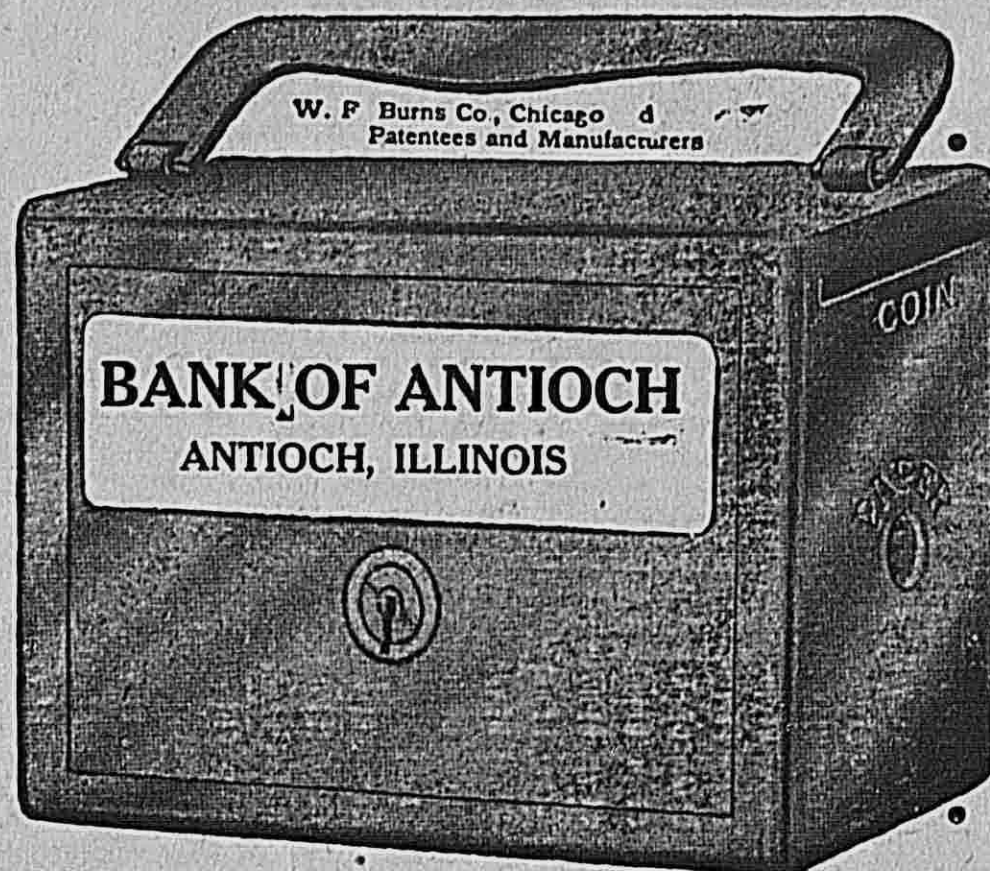
"Mamma," said a little four-year-old, looking up from her plate, "I used to eat wit my spoon and now I eat wit my fork; how old must I be 'fore I can eat wit my knife?"

A Man's Fortune is in His Own Hand

—Abraham Lincoln.

As an inspiration to those who begin life under adverse circumstances; as a spur to that ambition which will enable one to rise above his fellow men; as a beacon marking out the way to honor and the path to renown, the life of Lincoln stands forth clear and bright above that of any man in the history of the world for the last one hundred years.

In the effort for independence and supremacy in life the savings account supplies the motive power. An account begun today will make you happier tomorrow.



HOME SAVINGS BANKS LOANED FREE.

One Dollar

Will Start a Savings Account in This Bank Earning
3 Per Cent. Interest

COMPOUNDED SEMI-ANNUALLY

BANK OF ANTIOCH

J. E. BROOK, Banker.

Antioch, Ill.

Real Philanthropy.

Some day a real philanthropist will arrive on the scene and give ten cents to some worthy cause without demanding that the cause raise an additional 50 cents.—Atchison Globe.

Always.

There has always been a tendency on the part of saints, philosophers and excitable people generally to feel sure that what is wrong with the world is ignorance—that if only people might be induced to listen they could not but incline their hearts to the attractions of manifest righteousness.

Horses and Cards.

"Why is it you always win at poker?" she asked, "and always lose when you back horses?" "Well, my dear," came the genial response, "I don't shuffle the horses."—London Express.

Insisted on Fair Game. Golfer (unattended by good cheer) to Opponent—"Sir, I wish you clearly to understand that I resent your unwarranted interference with my game, sir. Tilt the green once more, sir, and I chuck the match!"—Punch.

Watch Physicians' Movements. The Berlin telephone station has a scheme by which the movement of physicians are recorded in case of an urgent call when their services will be desired quickly.

Many Have Tried.

No man has ever gained distinction because of the excellence of his jewelry.

Subtle Appreciation.

Knicker—"Is Jones a poet's poet?" Bocker—"No; he is a poet's poet's poet."

INGALLS BROS.
Waukegan
OPTOMETRISTS
Graduates of McConick
OPTICAL COLLEGE



Daily Thought.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people.—Samuel Johnson.

Daily Thought.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Franklin.

The
Promise
of
Spring

Collier's
The National Weekly

First Time in Clubs
Until this year Collier's has been sold at \$5.50. Now the price is \$2.50 and we have secured a concession whereby we can offer it at a still further reduction in connection with this publication.

Special Offer to Our Readers

Recognizing the great demand for Collier's at the new price, we have made arrangements to offer it and our own publication each one year for the price of Collier's alone. This is a limited offer and must be taken advantage of promptly.

What You Get in Collier's

Collier's is the one big, independent, fearless weekly of the whole country. Not only is it the good citizen's handbook but it is also a magazine for the whole family. Among the things that a year's subscription gives are:

1000 Editorials
600 New Photos
250 Short Stories
150 Short Novels
100 Illustrated Features
2 Complete Novels

Collier's . . . \$2.50 Both for only
Antioch News \$1.00 \$2.50

The
Promise
of
Spring

Its in the air and many things are timely. For example—let us suggest it—the work of

Wiring Your House
for
Electric Service

We're in the market to do it—cheaply and without inconvenience to the occupants.

Public Service Co.
OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

ANTIOCH
STEAM LAUNDRY

Christofferson & Johnson, Props.

(Successors to A. V. Chinn)

Having leased the Antioch Steam Laundry, we will at all times try to please our customers and furnish first-class work. Give us a call.



The TIME LOCK

By

Charles Edmonds Walk

Author of
"The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," Etc.

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BOOK I.

The Silent House.

CHAPTER I.

Number 1313.

As Rudolph Van Vechten entered the outer doorway of his club, the handsome mission clock in the hall was chiming the three-quarter hour after eight.

The young man's thin, sensitive lips assumed a rueful curve and his brow gathered in a scowl.

"Fifteen minutes yet until nine," he muttered in a tone of complaint, staring hard at the dial. "Whatever I shall do until night the gods alone know. Plague on such rotten luck!"

And having thus given audible expression of his feelings, he dismissed the temporary irritation with a resigned shrug and sauntered listlessly into the luxurious but deserted lounge-room overlooking the street, where he dropped heavily into a huge, billowy leather chair which stood facing one of the windows. He immediately discovered that the chair was infernally hot, and bounding to his feet, glared round for an attendant.

None was to be seen; so he shoved the stuffy chair away—it was too heavy to kick—and jerked a cooler and more inviting willow one into its place, wherein he once more seated himself.

"Somebody ought to kick me for having come here," he feelingly remarked. Then he turned again to his incipient contemplation of the hot-empty street.

Van Vechten might have told you, if he had paused to analyze his feelings respecting the Powhatan, that his attachment to his club was based upon some sort of sentiment. His slender, modishly attired figure, and his finely chiseled, high-bred features (which were much paler than they should have been) were by no means strange to their present rich and elegant surroundings. In point of fact, no member of the Powhatan more assiduously availed himself of the club's exclusive privileges than did he. Among the small coterie of his intimates and friends, and the much longer list of acquaintances who would have liked to share the closer relationship, nobody ever thought of calling for him at his own handsomely appointed bachelor apartments in the Kenmore until the Powhatan Club had first been tried, and even then not before noon. Because, prior to that hour, all attempts to communicate with him so invariably had been frustrated by his diplomatic valet, Barnicle, that everybody had long since learned that he was not in the habit of rising before twelve o'clock.

Familiar, therefore, as his appearance was to the astonished and discomfited club attendant (in season), it was associated—reluctantly as the fact must be admitted—only with late



At That Instant the Clock in the Hall began Striking Ten.

hours, the poker or bridge table, and a multitude of cocktails whose number was known by no man save that miracle of divination, the Powhatan's steward. He carefully inspected and preserved all the checks which Van Vechten so promptly forgot.

Without spending too much time, or trying to interpret too many words, let us endeavor to make the situation clear; for it was all very strange, the manner in which the commonplace situation described interlarded with what immediately followed.

Here—and this is the point to be brought to the front and borne in mind—was a concurrence of time, place and individual which had never happened before, and in all likelihood would never happen again, but which wore every outward aspect of one of those rare and inexplicable tricks on the part of Fate, as rare and mysterious as mushrooms, freakishly contrived to land some poor mortal plump in the midst of a troublesome predicament, like Napoleon's star at Waterloo. Mer-

cure blazed at mid-day on that memorable occasion, if you have not forgotten this apocryphal footnote to history.

Certain it is, at any rate, if Van Vechten had been anywhere else at this particular hour on this particular Sunday morning, he would have missed witnessing an incident which presently was to jar him from the lethargy of his ennui as effectively as if the rotation of the earth upon its axis were suddenly to be reversed.

And the incident, but one of a startling series, was not long in coming. Again from the hall floated the stately, melodious chime.

Nine o'clock. With the first dulcet note, Van Vechten's regard fell idly upon a man who was passing along the farther side of the street—the first human being he had seen since taking up his position at the window. He was not at all interested in the man, who was entirely unknown to him; but the stranger had advanced within his field of vision, and it was much easier to follow him than it was to look away. So he continued to watch him, albeit but hazily conscious of the fact, because his thoughts were occupied with matters of vastly more importance to himself. That is to say, at the time he fancied they were of more importance; subsequently his opinions on this score underwent a decided change.

Only a few seconds later, in truth, he regretted that he had not given the man more of his attention—sufficient, at least, to recall something of his appearance. But even at that, he never dreamed how nearly the episode affected himself at the moment, nor did he have any premonition of the extraordinary events that were to ensue in the immediate future.

The man was walking with a certain halting, indefinite slowness, the while he studied the house numbers, as if in search of a particular one.

All at once he stopped stock-still. Van Vechten, as it chanced, failed to observe this, for his eyelids, heavy with loss of sleep, chose this precise second to curtain the scene. Nothing had yet occurred to prick his curiosity. His lids drooped only for an instant, to be sure; but within that brief space the strange man's bearing had suddenly altered. He had thrown off his irresolution, and had gone quickly up the steps of the house directly opposite. Van Vechten opened his eyes only just in time to see him disappearing through the doorway, and the door itself swung shut.

The Silent House! The House of Mystery! The house wherein nobody had even been seen to enter!

There was no mistaking the fact that Van Vechten was galvanized into an alertness which, had it been almost anybody else under the same conditions, would have amounted to excitement.

"Say!" he demanded of himself under his breath. "Is this a pipe-dream? Or did somebody really go into that house?" And after a reflective pause: "No, I wasn't asleep," he deliberately settled the unwelcome occurrence in his mind; "I saw the chap coming along the walk. Let's see—what did he look like? What was he doing? What the dickens does it mean, anyhow?"

There was nothing or nobody to answer these puzzled inquiries. He was convinced that he had remained awake, although drifting along the borderland of slumber, because he distinctly recalled having heard the clock in the hall strike nine. He glanced at his watch. Yes, only nine. So he could not have been asleep, even for a second.

All of which may seem a ridiculously trivial matter to be the occasion of so much concern; but anybody acquainted with the circumstances would not have thought so.

To begin with, there was something positively repellent in the very appearance of the house across the way. Even the number on the fanlight—by pure accident, 1313, for it was an old, old number and not the true one at all—was doubly and reiteratively inviting to persons owning superstitious weaknesses. And who of us, to some extent, does not? Erected in the days when high, narrow brownstone fronts were accepted as the hall-mark of affluence, it still successfully resisted the encroachments of improvement which otherwise modernized and beautified the thoroughfare.

At the time the Powhatan Club moved into its new quarters Number 1313 was vacant, and had remained so up to something like three months prior to the opening of this story; that is to say, not quite two years. How long previously to that it had stood empty no club member could say. During all the period within their knowledge its begrimed facade had been an eyesore and an object of execration; somber and brooding, it was a sort of memento mori to the idlers behind the big plate glass windows of the lounge-room, a silent but perpetual rebuke to the folly of their lives; which attribute had more than once called forth a passionately resentful tirade from some member who had been unlucky at cards, or had con-

sumed too much alcohol the night before.

Then one afternoon the club was electrified. Tom Phinney had been staring unseeing into the street for some minutes. It struck him all at once that the windows and the front door across the way were no longer boarded, and that all the windows were blind; the red stone steps, however, showed no indication of having been recently cleaned.

"I say, fellows," he abruptly sang out, "thirteen-thirteen's occupied!"

There was a concerted movement toward the club's window; everybody present left off whatever he happened to be doing at the moment and stood silently gazing at the gloomy front. "Blinds close-drawn," somebody presently remarked. "Wonder who it can be?"

What was learned during the wordless, curious inspection was about all the information respecting Number 1313 that was to be vouchsafed during the succeeding months. During that time it was scarcely possible that any person could have come or gone within the eighteen hours that are the liveliest of the twenty-four, without attracting somebody's attention at the Powhatan. For as the weeks passed, and the shades remained down by day, and the windows dark by night, curiosity grew apace; the house became more and more a fruitful topic of speculation; and with its secret front constantly staring one in the face, the least sign of life or activity must have been noted.

Why should anybody want to maintain such persistent, unnatural seclusion?

Inquiry at the estate's office building was productive of no enlightenment. Considerable difficulty was experienced in gaining access to the manager; then he at once denied Number 1313's occupancy. Whereupon Tom Phinney felt that the Powhatan's committee was not being treated with the deference which it unquestionably deserved.

"See here," he said, thumping the desk under the manager's nose; "your confounded house is situated right across the street from the Powhatan Club—"

For the first time the manager's eye contained a gleam of interest. He interrupted.

"Isn't Mr. Percy Bonner on your house committee?" he inquired.

"Yes, he is," returned Tom, not receding in the least from his determined stand. He waited a moment, but as the gleam died in the manager's eye, proceeded.

"Our body is select, you must be aware, and we are proud of the quiet respectability of our neighborhood. There's enough influence in our membership to run out anything of a shady nature—we won't stand for it, in short."

The manager acknowledged the justice of this ultimatum, but merely said: "If you see or hear anything wrong, run 'em out; I don't care."

"We have a right to know who our neighbors are," insisted Tom.

"Inquire of them," said the manager; "I can't tell you."

"Do you mean to say you don't know?"—incredulously.

"Just that. The present tenant never applied to us at all—have never seen him, in fact. Occupancy of the house was arranged in quite another manner. Really, gentlemen, that is all I am at liberty to tell you."

And the Powhatan's committee was bowed politely out.

It was not for nothing that the house was called the House of Mystery.

CHAPTER II.

On the Stroke of the Hour. A perpetual men of impassivity which effectively repulsed advances or familiarities on the part of the strangers and persons whom he dis-

liked, was perhaps Rudolph Van Vechten's most noticeable physical characteristic; for an impassive face, and the ease of manner which customarily accompanies it, is due to one of two things: Either a set of sympathetic emotions that are sadly atrophied, or else an acquired self-control so habitual that every genuine feeling is perfectly masked. In either case habit is not long in asserting itself. And it has been shown that Mr. Rudolph Van Vechten was capable of being startled and astonished.

On the present occasion, therefore, he did not long permit his amazement to flaunt itself. Quite soon he was the same imperturbable individual whose presence had surprised the club attendant a few minutes previously.

It occurred to him by and by that while he had missed witnessing the stranger's entrance into the House of Mystery, it did not necessarily follow that he must fail to see him when he emerged. Sooner or later the man must depart.

Van Vechten was eminently well qualified to wait, since all his energies, and such ambition as he possessed, were directed toward that most laborious of all tasks, "killing time;" despite which, backed by a considerable fertility of invention, most of the minutes of each passing day flitted by, leaving him more bored than ever. So he resolved to keep his station at the window—all day if necessary—and satisfy his curiosity respecting the man's general appearance.

The first twenty minutes or so were alleviated by a lively anticipation that the door would open almost any moment, and the man come forth; but nothing of the kind happened. The house remained as still as it had been for months. Not a blind was raised; no sign of life was manifest.

Then the watcher began to grow restless. As the minutes ticked off and nothing occurred, he glanced at his watch with increasing frequency. Presently he rose and went over to a push-button, upon which he pressed with unnecessary violence, afterwards hastening back to the window under a sudden apprehension that the man might take advantage of his brief inattentiveness to vanish—as the fellow had caught him napping before.

A cocktail was presently set beside him upon a tabouret; he gulped it down, then lighted a cigarette which he began to smoke feverishly. But he tossed it away after a puff or two; he had smoked too much the night before, and the tempered spirits could not remove the furry taste from his tongue.

Another glance at his watch; nearly an hour had he waited, for it was now ten minutes to ten. Would the fellow never appear?

And then Van Vechten's attention was all at once diverted. He had ordered and consumed a second cocktail, and was attempting a fresh cigarette, when he paused, the blazing match suspended in mid-air.

He saw another and quite different stranger approaching along the opposite walk. He knew instinctively that this could not be the first man, but his manner copied that worthy's so precisely that Van Vechten was constrained to watch him instead of maintaining his unprofitable vigil.

He lighted his cigarette, flipped the match away, and waited.

This second individual was walking hesitantly, just as the other had done, and also seemed to be devoting his attention to the house numbers.

He paused before the house across the way. There could be no doubt but which was only imperfectly outlined upon the red-curtained fanlight. Then that he was searching for the number, abruptly all signs of hesitation vanished from his bearing; he went determinedly up the steps and rang the bell.

At that very instant the clock in the hall began striking ten.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Life Among the Eskimo



GROUP OF ESKIMO ON STEAMER

ON the roof of the world is the Eskimo country. Few are its flowers. Of trees there are none. Illimitable are its summer muskies and its eight-month winter snows. Yet the Eskimo is as jovial a soul as any that ever came from southern lands where life is a joy. He is a humorist, although he feeds on blubber and rotten fish; a sportsman, although he knows not soap and water, and a good fellow, although the shiftless Cree despises him and calls him in insult "husky."

Scattered over a wide area of the north, living in tribes distinguishable to the traveler by slight linguistic difference and local habits and customs, the Eskimo from Greenland to the west coast of Hudson bay, are one and the same people. They have the same physical characteristics, live in much the same way and think much the same thoughts on hunting and life as their visitors, the white men. Even the fierce Nechilliks and Igloods of the far, far north (with whom the various trading companies deal as a rule through other tribes acting as middlemen), have the same taboos and anekoks (or witch doctors) and quaint legends.

People of Dirt.

Stunted, squat men seldom averaging over five feet and a half, they are muscular and strongly built, but slow of limb and mind. With their curious Chinese slanted eyes and inflated nostrils, they are a people of dirt and laughter. Their heavy black hair is worn by the males over the shoulders to protect their large ears. Across their thick lips comes the flash, as a rule, of perfect but discolored teeth. Such is the Eskimo gentleman—the real lord of the north.

As for the Eskimo belles, they, too, have their virtues. Beauty is a question of taste and probably the Eskimo would not exchange his flat-faced, strong and sturdy mate with dark brown eyes and natural bust, for the fairest chorus girl. Very often, too, when these girls have European blood in them their looks are far from uncomely.

But to arrive at a real understanding of the Eskimo you must spend a year at least among them. Thus you can arrive at a complete picture of their strange life wherein trains and banks and offices and telephones have no part. For they, like all primitive races, are a nomadic people living under the bright stars. So we may see an Eskimo's health, wealth and content. So, too, you may face starvation and hardship with him. And again you may watch the wages of the civilization that leave him robbed of furs, pillaged of livelihood and branded with disease.

The Eskimo lives by the chase for he neither ploughs nor farms. By means of the chase come his food and raiment and the fuel that is to warm him through the long northern winter. His winter mansion is the Igloo or snow house, his summer home a tupik or tent of seal and deer skins.

When the days of the north begin to spread out in January comes the Eskimo's hard times. For two months or more life is a burden, intolerable and bitter, yet fiercely clutched at for all its uncertainty. The ice is storm seized and the seal on which the Eskimo depends keep out in the open water. And it is in this season the southern Eskimo strikes his annual trail for the trade post, where he will barter a winter's pelts for ammunition, tobacco and white men's baubles.

First provisions for the way must be found and at no other time are they so hard to obtain. So it comes to pass that with a little deer meat reserved over from the fall and with a scant stock of seal, the company sets forth. The long narrow komatiks are lashed, the dogs harnessed to them and the trail goes on in stages. Generally two or three families make them together. An old woman leads the way. Then come the dogs and the sleds whizzing on each side wading the men in search of seal holes on the ice. The short day wanes and a small snowhouse has to be built from a convenient hummock.

Building a House.

First a veteran tests the snow of the neighborhood with his knife. The drift must be a single storm's work for then the snow is more compact. An oblong hole about five feet long, two or three feet wide, some two feet deep is next cut. Blocks are then taken from its clean face. Each block is about half a foot thick, a foot and a half deep and two and a half feet long. One man wedges the blocks and another builds them round in a circle the size of the intended house. The first layer completed, the blocks cut downward diagonally so that the next layer will take a spiral form and continue to curve up until the dome is closed by a key-block. Women mortar the block chinks with soft snow. The door is cut and inside opposite it is piled the snow-block, while outside a wind shield of blocks protects the door from a drift. It is now the women's task to make the place home within while the husky bucks feed their dogs.

On the bed pile go mats of closely woven willow branches, then deer skins and deer skin sleeping bags. The soapstone lamp is lighted and placed on a snow shelf between the door and bed. In it a wick of dry, pulverized moss is fed with deer fat or seal blubber. The kettle is now slung over it.

The sleds outside are now denuded and the dogs bedded. The most valuable of the sleds are ivory shod, otherwise they have whalebone runners. During the cold months they are sheathed with muck and frozen so there is least friction and for this the ice coating is renewed daily. The Eskimo now set their traps and go in for the night. So the trail goes on day after day, night after night until they come, in two months or so, to the lonely traders of the north.

Furs are given in and counters on a graded scale received—a white fox counting as one skin and some silver foxes as much as forty. The Eskimo then hand over the counters, their tokens for white man's plug tobacco, his killing powder and shot and his needles and fish hooks and whatever the trader can attract him with.

OLD-FASHIONED LITTLE GIRLS

They Still Exist, It Is Asserted, Although Hidden From the Worldly-Minded.

Where are the little girls of yesterday? Where are the little girls who sewed "doll rags," who hung on the front gate, who romped and climbed fences with their brothers? Gone, all gone—that is, in the large cities where houses have crowded out the fields, and where busy days have swallowed the hours of leisure.

It was most interesting for one of the elders, the other day, to visit in a little town near Columbus, and there to find the same little girl that used to play 40 years ago in Columbus. There was the visiting of several small maidens with bags of "pieces," and with china and wax "children" to be clothed.

"The thumping lth comin'" lisped one, "and Hether haunt got anything to wear, an' I'm juth worried to death for fear I won't get her thingth done in time for Eatherth."

"Just the same with my Marian," quoth another. "I feel terribly about the Paris styles. They don't suit Marian at all, and—"

"My Bertha is really very sensible," said the third. "I told her this morning that I could not possibly afford—"

"Dear me, dear me! The old days over again, when we used to foregather in the dining room after the table was cleared, and in front of the coal fire in the grate and after mother's admonition: 'Now, children, don't poke the fire, or you'll get burned,' we sewed, and sewed, and sewed for the family of dolls."

Where is the little girl of yesterday? You sometimes find her, but she is hidden from sight of the worldly-minded.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Maybe So. Farmer—Your cow bells are no account. They don't ring loud enough. Merchant—That's an advantage. When you do hear the bells you don't have to go far to find the cows.



VENICE MUST BE ENLARGED

Accommodation of Increasing Population Has Become a Problem for Italian City to Solve.

Venice is confronted by a serious problem. The city is rapidly gaining in population, and so far no place has been found to accommodate the increase. There are now 30,000 inhabitants in Venice in excess of suitable quarters. Among the many plans discussed is the building of new quarters at the Lido Island. Another plan contemplates an additional town at the mouth of the Brenta river. To study the whole housing problem, as well as other questions of local importance, prominent citizens have organized a society named "Pro Venezia." The present population is 185,000, against

161,000 in 1911. The cholera kept many tourists from Venice in 1911, entailing a loss of thousands of dollars. Last year there were no such fears, and the biennial art exhibition and the dedication of the restored Campanile brought an unusual number of visitors.

Absurd Congresses. Andrew Carnegie, in his advocacy of universal peace, has no faith in half measures.

"These congresses," he once said in New York—"these congresses that advocate, not universal peace, but smaller bullets, gentler bombardments and less destructive bombs, annoy me."

"When we succeed, thanks to such congresses, in eliminating savagery from war, then it will be quite in order for us to proceed to eliminate the darkness from night."

First a veteran tests the snow of the neighborhood with his knife. The

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Edgar Kerr was home over Sunday. Little Bernice Nadr has been very ill, but is much better.

Mrs. H. Hendricks spent Monday with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Douglas have been quite ill the past week, but are now on the gain.

The Commercial club held another of its enjoyable card parties in the hall Saturday evening. Refreshments were served and a good time enjoyed.

The Ladies Aid society held a business meeting at C. R. Hamlin's on Wednesday. Supper was served by Mesdames C. Hamlin, F. Hamlin, H. Sherwood and Paul Avery.

Remember the play, "Diamonds and Hearts" to be given under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society March 13. The talent is all good so they promise a good evening's entertainment.

Two inquests were held here Saturday, one being a man named John Sable in the employ of the Soo Line, who was repairing a car on the track and neglected to place the proper signals out, so that a car making a flying switch struck him causing instant death. We understand that he has a family in Europe. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that he came to his death by his own carelessness. The other case was that of a man from northern Wisconsin, in company with another man in charge of a carload of potatoes bound for Chicago. His death was due to heart failure, and the body was shipped back to his home.

MILLBURN

Laura Olcott visited friends here this week.

Ed Cunningham has moved onto the Mead farm.

Mr. Thain and wife spent Thursday in Libertyville.

A. H. Stewart is papering and painting his farm house.

Frank McCarthy moved to the Bowers farm this week.

W. H. Strang spent several days in Waukegan this week.

Fred Hedde is doing some carpenter work for Dave Young.

Albert Jack of Chicago spent last week here on business.

W. G. White and wife spent Thursday with their son at Libertyville.

A surprise party was held at the home of C. Cook on Friday night.

Mrs. Dave Young, Mrs. John Strang and Miss Vivian Bonner were Waukegan visitors Friday.

Wanted—An Occupation.
There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business.—Harvard Lampoon.

Daily Thought.
Our greatest glory consists, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

BRISTOL

Mrs. Lee McVicar is on the sick list. Miss Florence Murdock of Racine spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Ed Pike and daughter spent last Thursday in Kenosha.

Harry Castle spent the week end with his parents here.

Frank Brasie of Kenosha visited over Sunday with friends here.

Frank Schattler of Harvard, visited old friends here last Saturday.

Ben Prouty and Jack Visey of Hebron spent last Saturday here.

Hazel Pike entertained a few friends at a quilting bee last Saturday.

Dr. Thom now has his office in the store occupied by L. K. McVicar.

Mrs. C. F. Parkin returned to her home in Des Moines last Thursday.

Miss Kittie Miller of Chicago is visiting at the home of her parents here.

Miss Edith Murdock spent a few days last week with Mrs. Moore at Harvard.

Doris Parson has resigned her position in the Central office on account of moving out of town.

Joe Steinbach has bought the M. O. Myrick farm and has moved his family from Plattsville, Wis.

C. H. Whittecher attended the hearing of County Highway Commissioner McGeehan at Kenosha last Monday.

Elmer Parson has moved onto the Zumach place and Mr. Rompesky is moving on the place vacated by Mr. Parson.

About fifty from here took advantage of the special train and attended the Farmer's Institute in Kenosha last Thursday and Friday.

SILVER LAKE

Ralph Kellogg was a Wilmot visitor Thursday.

Dewitt Dixon went to Kenosha on Thursday.

Benjamin Prosser was a Burlington visitor Saturday.

Fred Schenning has moved onto a farm in Randall.

Mr. Welsh and family have gone to live near Waukegan.

Mrs. Chas. Schmalfeldt of Kansasville spent over Sunday here.

Miss Emily Schmalfeldt visited relatives in Kansasville recently.

Miss Olive Sheen has been spending the past week at R. M. Dixon's.

Mrs. Jesse Tesch and son of Wheeling visited her mother over Sunday.

HICKORY

Mrs. Stewart spent the first of the week at Gurnee.

Mrs. T. Peterson returned home on Wednesday after spending the past week in Burlington.

There will be no Cemetery society in March. Remember the date in April. Supper served hereafter.

There will be a box social at the West Newport school on March 14. Given by Miss Ada Tillotson, teacher.

The Ladies Aid society will serve supper at the church on Wednesday afternoon March 11. All invited.

Modern Sligh.
Composer (standing before a Futurist painting).—"It only my music were as incomprehensible as that picture!"—Flegende Blaetter.

Way Up.
Howell—"He's usually on his high horse." Powell—"Yes, he is a sort of equestrian statue of himself."

Bell System



Long Distance telephone service was provided to meet modern conditions in family life.

Today there is more travel than there was some years ago. The members of many families are seldom together; the men travel on business, the women and children for recreation or study.

As a result of this separation there is more or less anxiety and loneliness.

The Long Distance Telephone is the tie that binds the family together.

Use the Long Distance Lines
CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY
Chas. T. Ford, District Manager

SPECIMEN BALLOT

VILLAGE OF LAKE VILLA

Primary Election, Tuesday, March 10, 1914

R. L. MURRIE, Village Clerk.



CITIZEN'S TICKET

For Clerk



ROY L. MURRIE

For Trustees—Full Term
(Vote for Three)

WM. M. BRADLEY



RUSH E. HUSSEY



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PEOPLE'S TICKET

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TALE OF A PLUME

By CLAUDINE SMYTHE.

"All my life," began the stout girl, as she removed her hat and held it up to undergo a critical survey, "I've had a wild longing to possess a hat with a plume. I've been possessed with envy of every girl I saw with a real plume on her hat. I've stood hours longing for the wealth of plumes displayed in shop windows—but I never felt that I could get one!"

"You see, when I was a baby an uncle of mine died, and his wife gave my mother the white plume from his helmet; for he belonged to some uniformed order or other and had a plume to march with, you know."

"Well, mother packed that plume away in blue tissue paper, so it wouldn't turn yellow, and waited for me to grow up."

"When I became old enough to think about pretty hats, mother brought out the plume, and we looked it over."

"Just then, however, everybody was wearing little clusters of fat short tips, and that long straggly ostrich feather of mine, no matter how you curled it, never could have been worn on the street without attracting unpleasant attention. So we sorrowfully wrapped it up again, and I dreamed of the next year, when styles would change, while mother pressed out some plaid ribbon and tied it around my hat!"

"Well, when the next year came, behold the plume! Even mother had to laugh when we looked at it. Every one had a willow plume, if she had anything, and the willow plumes were thick and long and thrillingly exquisite. The helmet plume, fat and scrawny, looked in comparison like a little alley cat beside a big blue ribbon angora!"

"I remember I shed real tears that year over the disappointment. But mother had some cast iron or India rubber or something equally strong, that resembled a bunch of black feathers, and we tucked those on my hat, where I had imagined the plume would wave, and I went out in the world and pretended there was no skeleton in our closet!"

"Of course, mother and I agreed that it would be perfectly silly for me to buy another plume so long as we had one in the house not in use! For we have always been taught to use what we have and finish using it before buying more. It's rather difficult sometimes to realize the logic of this system, but in the long run it's very economical. Why, I'd have had several expensive hats during those year of waiting if it hadn't been for that perfectly good, mused plume up in the closet!"

"Then last year, when I read the willow plumes were quite out of the swim, and ordinary plumes would be used again, I got out my long slim natural feather, feeling very righteous in the knowledge that there was noth-



"But Now Has Come My Reward."

ing artificial about it, as there was about all willow plumes. It was strictly as the ostrich had presented it to the public!

"I curled up the plume and had my hat selected to appear early in February, when low and behold! They weren't wearing plumes at all! And those who dared to ignore the styles bought very rich expensive plumes to show they could afford newer styles if they wished, but that they preferred ostrich feathers."

"Of course I couldn't even pretend that my feather was of the expensive sort. No one would have been so glib. It would have had to be awfully stylish to be possible at all! So I wrapped it up again!"

"But now has come my reward! There isn't one of you who can beat my plume for style. See, I've pushed half of it up and tied it with a little bow and half of it down and tied it with another little bow; and behold, a French creation!"

"Sweet!" exclaimed the thin girl, reaching for the hat and trying it on. "I think my father belongs to some society or something, and I'm going home and see if he has a plume."

Then she departed in eager haste.—Chicago Daily News.

Seeking Harmony.
"This song is not suited to my voice," said the prima donna.
"Well," said the discouraged manager, "I suppose I'll have to get you another song. There's no use of trying to have your voice rewritten."

Mis Share.
The under dog usually gets \$50,000 worth of sympathy and two cents' worth of assistance.

Casus Belli.
"Why do they hate each other?"
"They are rivals." "Oh, both trying to marry the same girl, eh?" That sort of thing certainly does arouse man's primal passions. "In this case it is worse than that. They are both trying to marry the same fortune."—Houston Post.

Wanted More Information.
"What do you understand by 'edible fungi?'" "It has something to do with mushrooms and toadstools," replied Father Cornstossel. "But whether it's what you swallow or what happens to you afterward I wouldn't like to say without writing to the department."—Washington Star.

Bacilli and Relations.
Mrs. Baye—"She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house." Visitor—"How does she get along with her family?" Mrs. Baye—"Oh, even her relations are strained."



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